



THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION
DEVOTED TO BORDER HISTORY

Issued Weekly. By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at New York Post Office by STREET & SMITH, 238 William St., N. Y.

No. 66.

Price, Five Cents.

BUFFALO BILL'S RED TRAIL

OR
A RACE FOR RANSOM



BY
THE AUTHOR OF
'BUFFALO BILL'

THERE SUDDENLY DASHED 'ROUND THE CORNER OF THE CABIN A TALL FORM, WITH A REVOLVER IN EACH HAND. "UP WITH YOUR HANDS, RENEGADE, OR YOU DIE!" CRIED BUFFALO BILL, STERNLY.



THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION
DEVOTED TO BORDER HISTORY

Issued Weekly. By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the N. Y. Post Office, by STREET & SMITH, 238 William St., N. Y. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1902, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

No. 66.

NEW YORK, August 16, 1902.

Price Five Cents.

BUFFALO BILL'S RED TRAIL;

OR,

A Race for Ransom.

By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

CHAPTER I.

BAD NEWS.

It was at Fort Advance, one of the smaller frontier posts on the Indian border, just about the hour of sunset. Buffalo Bill and Colonel Carr, the commandant of the fort, were chatting together when suddenly Buffalo Bill raised his hands and pointed across the plains.

A horseman could be seen in the distance, and he was approaching at a furious gallop.

Buffalo Bill scanned the figure for a moment in silence.

"It is Hugh Hardin, the oldest of my scouts," he said, "and I am willing to bet a few cigars that he brings news of a fresh Indian uprising."

It was, indeed, Hugh Hardin, and a moment later he had pulled up his steed before Buffalo Bill and Colonel Carr, and, after saluting his superior officers, was making his report.

It was to the effect that the Indians to the number of several thousands were on the warpath, under command of Death Face and several other of their chiefs.

"I scouted near their camp," said Hugh Hardin, "and I know that there is at least one white man in their number. I saw him. He is Eagle, a well-known outlaw. He was formerly chief of the band known as the Renegade Road Riders, which you broke up, Buffalo Bill, not long ago."

"What! Eagle, the outlaw chief!" exclaimed the colonel. "I thought you killed him, Cody."

"I followed him and drove him off a precipice into Rapid River—man and horse," said Cody; "but it looks as if he had escaped by swimming, and joined the redskins, now that his own band is wiped out. Are you sure that he is with the Indians?"

"Perfectly," said Hugh Hardin.

"That man must be captured at all hazards," said

the colonel. "I shall immediately order out a troop of cavalry, as well as a battery of infantry, and send them on to oppose the Indians."

An hour later the detachment of cavalry and artillery, under command of Lieutenant Worth, one of the most popular young officers in the post, was starting for Rapid River.

Two other commands of artillery and cavalry were dispatched immediately afterward.

Buffalo Bill headed the column, of course, and, when, early the next day, after a hard night ride, they were within a few miles of the river, he advised the lieutenant to call a halt.

"I will go forward myself on a scout," he said, "before the Indians discover that there is a body of soldiers in the vicinity."

"I suggest that you take one of the men in my troop, Sergeant Fallon, as an assistant. He has lived with the Indians for years, and can disguise himself perfectly as one and speak the language well. Besides, they say that he has powerful friends among the Sioux chiefs. He can enter the camp in disguise, perhaps."

Sergeant Fallon, a tall, honest-faced man, stepped forward at the command of Lieutenant Worth, and, after a few words with Buffalo Bill, went off to disguise himself as an Indian, a complete disguise having been brought along with the artillery equipments by command of Lieutenant Worth.

"He is a mysterious man, evidently well educated," said the lieutenant to Buffalo Bill, "and no one knows why he entered the army, as he is reputed to be very wealthy. He has good cause to wish to be revenged on Eagle, the outlaw chief. Eagle captured his daughter, Lucille Fallon, when she was on her way West, to hold her for ransom, and it was you yourself who rescued her when you wiped out Eagle's band."

"I remember the occasion," said the great scout; "but here comes the man, and he looks like an Indian, indeed."

Sergeant Fallon's disguise was perfect, and an hour later the scout and he set out.

When they reached Rapid River, Fallon decided to swim his horse across and enter the Indian camp disguised as he was, and Buffalo Bill, knowing from what he had seen and heard of the man that he could thoroughly trust him, allowed him to do so.

Buffalo Bill accompanied him as far as the river, and watched him cross.

He lost his form after he had gotten half way across, but waited until he was sure that he had reached the other side and found the Indian guards.

Hearing no outcry or shot, he muttered:

"I guess he's all right, but his danger is great."

"The man grows upon me more and more, and I am sure that he has once held a high position and been in command of men."

"Well, if he gets back in safety, I will use my influence to get him the commission he richly deserves."

So saying, the scout gazed in silence for a while over the weird, wild scene, lit up by the moonlight into picturesque beauty, and then turning his horse, rode back to his camp for the night.

The sergeant, meanwhile, had crossed the river, been met by the guards, and then rode to the camp beyond the ridge.

To his surprise, he found there over a hundred Indian braves, and about a campfire built out of sight up in a niche of the cliff, stood several forms, upon whom his eyes were at once riveted.

Fighting Bird, an old Sioux chief, was there, and near him stood the young chief, Death Face, while, seated upon a rock near, was a splendid type of a redskin leader.

He was a man of almost herculean proportions, robed in gorgeous costume, wearing a war-bonnet of barbaric splendor, and with a face bold, rugged, crafty, intelligent and merciless.

His face was furrowed with age, the silver threads streaked his raven locks, but he was still the mighty leader of his people, the grand old fighter, plotter, good general, merciless foe of the palefaces, Iron Eyes, the head chief of his tribe.

By his side stood a fourth person.

It was one of elegant form, handsome face, dark, sinister, fine though it was.

He was dressed in a black fatigue suit of army style, wore buttons of ten-dollar gold pieces, diamond studs and sleeve-buttons in his negligee silk shirt, a massive watch chain, and a large, brilliant ruby upon the little finger of his left hand, his right being covered with a red glove.

He had a cigar between his lips, stood like one waiting to be photographed, one booted foot rest-

ing upon a rock before him, and his elbow leaning upon his knee as a rest.

His spurs were of gold, his belt of arms showed that they were ornamented with the same precious metal, and, altogether he was a most picturesque and striking figure, a man to stand in awe of.

As the sergeant approached, old Iron Eyes arose and greeted him, greeted him as he would one for whom he held both reverence and affection.

"Iron Eyes is surprised at meeting his paleface brother, the great medicine chief, White Wolf. The Iron Eyes has with him another great chief of the paleface race, the Eagle, his brother and ally, and here is my son, the mighty young chief who will some day wear the war-bonnet of old Iron Eyes, the Death Face.

"It gladdens my heart to again see my brother, the White Wolf.

"He is welcome, and he has proven my friend."

Such was the welcome and the introduction of the sergeant to those assembled about the campfire in the little ravine among the cliffs.

CHAPTER II.

THE OUTLAW'S ALLY.

Sergeant Fallon was perfectly calm under the ordeal he was passing through.

He greeted the old chief most reverently and kindly, offered his hand to the outlaw, for he wished to feel his grip and remember it, and saluted the young son of Iron Eyes courteously, while he did not by any means ignore Fighting Bird.

But he lost no time in at once saying:

"I am here unexpectedly to-night, for I wish to tell the great chief that his foes are not sure that he has warriors camped here, and they intend to send out scouts on foot to cross the river and find out. By drawing your braves far back, putting out your campfires, and not one being seen, the scouts will come over and find no braves here.

"They will report this to their chiefs, and then when another night the force attempts to cross, the warriors of Iron Eyes will be here to ambush them."

The words of the disguised sergeant were listened to in silence, but with great interest, and old Iron Eyes said:

"The Chief White Wolf speaks with wisdom, and my warriors shall at once draw back to cover."

"Yes, it will be the very thing to do, for if the soldiers believe that you have withdrawn your guards from the fords they will cross, hoping to surprise you, and dash upon an ambush and be beaten back right here, as they should be."

"I would send couriers to the other bands also, chief," the outlaw joined in, "to have them also fall back for the night. Would you not, White Wolf?"

"It would be just what I should do, sir," answered the sergeant.

Orders were at once given to put out the campfires, get the ponies and camp outfit, and retreat over the range half a mile back.

The sergeant went along and rode with Iron Eyes, the two talking together like old friends.

When they had come to a halt the outlaw stepped up to the sergeant and asked:

"What force is on the other side, sir?"

"There are three commands, sir; two of considerable strength, the other not so large."

"Have they any guns?"

"All three commands have artillery, sir."

"And infantry?"

"Mounted infantry, with cavalry and the guns."

"Then Carr is in earnest?" said the outlaw.

"Yes, sir; he seems determined."

"There are three men there whom I hate. I will give a reward to get their scalps."

"Who are they, sir?"

"One is Lieutenant Worth, who has been a persistent foe of my band of Red Riders; one is Buffalo Bill, and the other is Sergeant Fallon."

"I know them all, sir."

"They have both been strong allies to wipe me out, and here I am a fugitive to-day with no men left, and must begin life anew to gain both gold and revenge. But I am not dead yet, and I will have both."

"You are right, Captain Eagle," said the sergeant.

"May I ask your name, my friend?"

"My name is Louis, sir."

"What position do you hold under Colonel Carr?"

"I am in the ordnance department, but hold only an inferior position."

"You have once dwelt among the Indians?"

"Yes, as a fugitive from my own people, I became a renegade and was a medicine chief. When I could do so I returned to my people, unknown, however,

to work like you, for gold and revenge. Some day I will have both."

"See here, you are just the man that can aid me, and in doing so help yourself."

"I am willing, if there is any money in it."

"There is, and big money, too, for you!"

"I am your man, Captain Eagle," was the earnest reply.

The outlaw was evidently greatly excited through some thought that had crossed his mind.

He paced to and fro for a minute, his hands clasped behind his back, his whole bearing that of one who was moved by strong emotion.

Again turning to the sergeant, he said, and in a perfectly calm tone:

"You dwell at Fort Advance, of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know Sergeant Fallon well?"

"He is my most intimate friend, and I occupy his quarters."

"Good! have you any love for him?"

"I have for him, sir, the deepest hatred, as he has been my worst enemy, and at times I have been tempted to take his life."

"Then you are the very man I want for an ally—what do you say?"

"I will serve you, sir, as I can serve myself in doing so."

CHAPTER III.

PLOTTING WITH A FOE.

The outlaw leader seemed pleased with the idea of his ally's hatred for Sergeant Fallon, and said, when he was told that he would serve him:

"Well, you will have to go slow, and there is much to be done."

"I am ready."

"I'll tell you just what my plan is, and see what you think of it."

"I'll frankly tell you what I think."

"I believe you, for the chief speaks of you in the highest terms, in fact loves you as a brother, and the only thing I had against you was that, after being a renegade, you went back to your people."

"It was, as I said before, for a purpose."

"Ah, yes; but now to my plot with you."

"I am all attention."

"You, of course, know the sergeant's daughter?"

"I do."

"She is an heiress, you know?"

"I have heard so, in fact, I know that it is the case from the sergeant."

"I had her a captive, with others, but that Buffalo Bill guided Lieutenant Worth, Sergeant Fallon and others to my retreat and rescued the prisoners, destroying my band and making me fly as a fugitive for shelter with my good friend, Iron Eyes."

"I see."

"Now, I wish to get possession of Lucille Fallon, the sergeant's daughter."

"Ah!"

"And that is what I wish you to aid me in."

"I can do it if any man can."

"My plan is for you to notify me, by a letter left at a certain spot on the Overland trail, which I will describe to you, when I can get possession of her."

"She can be called to Pioneer City through an excuse of some kind to meet a lawyer there who will not come further on, and I will hold up the coach and capture her."

"But your men are all dead or prisoners."

"Yes, but I am organizing another band out of new material, and who will serve my purpose even better than the others did."

"You wish to capture the girl and get a big ransom for her?"

"That is just it, and Sergeant Fallon with her."

"I understand."

"You wish both."

"I do, the one for revenge, the other for gold."

"Well, I believe I can arrange it."

"You must understand the whole situation, the name of the girl's lawyer in New York, something of the facts of the case of her inheritance, and just what to do. Now, when she was my captive, I looked over her papers, and I have the name and address of the lawyer, in fact one of his letters, and I can forge his writing perfectly."

"I will write the letter to her, mail it from Pioneer City, telling her that, writing as the lawyer, I cannot come any further, as I am suffering with an attack of rheumatism, and that she and her father must come to me, the lawyer, mind you, by return coach. I will then lie in wait on the trail and capture them."

"A good idea."

"There is another thing. You must see to it that the girl's jewels and money are taken along, though

she must not know this. Smuggle them on the coach in some way, for you can get possession of them, intimate as you are at the sergeant's home, and I will share with you."

"Thank you. I know where the money and jewels are kept and I can get them, and will see that they go through with the sergeant and his daughter, never fear."

"Is Jack Jessop, the star driver, driving now?"

"Oh, yes."

"It will be his last trip, for I'll bury him on Monument Hill. He is too plucky a man to be in the Overland coach-driving business, and so he goes under."

"It is just as well, I guess, though I rather like Jack."

"Well, now, we'll go over the whole matter again, and just as soon as you return to the fort notify me by letter what you think can be done, or if you can think of any better plan. The place to leave the letter is under the end of the third board of the Canyon River bridge, where it projects over the land, as I suppose it must, though I have not seen the new structure. At any rate, look well for a spot there, and I'll find it, for I'll take to the trail soon with my new band."

"I'll prepare the way for you, Captain Eagle, never fear," was the answer of the sergeant, and then the two went all over the same ground again, the outlaw asking many questions about the fort and its people, and coming to what he considered was a thorough understanding with the man whom he little dreamed to be his foe.

This conversation being ended, the sergeant held a powwow with his old friend, Iron Eyes, the outlaw, Death Face and Fighting Bird being present.

It being then a couple of hours after midnight, Sergeant Fallon suggested that he would make a visit to the ford to see if the enemy had sent their scouts across, and send back word by a couple of warriors who would accompany him, as he would then be compelled to go on back to the command where he was expected to serve as the Indians' spy.

Two young braves were therefore called to accompany him, and Iron Eyes said that he had increased the force of guards at each ford by fifty men, while several hundred more braves under Death Face would camp at the first mountain pass on the trail,

where they could give battle to the soldiers, and be reinforced readily from the village.

Iron Eyes himself would return to his village, and Captain Eagle was to remain at the ford, being at liberty to go where he pleased.

Assured by these facts, and accompanied by the two braves, the sergeant set out upon his return.

He left the braves on the ridge, advanced alone to the river, and discovering, by the sign agreed upon between them, that Buffalo Bill had been there, he went back and told the warriors to return and report to Iron Eyes that a scout from the soldiers had been across the river, so that they could come back into their camp again.

Then he rode into the river to cross.

The sergeant was greeted by Buffalo Bill as he rode out of the water, the two friends clasping hands warmly.

"I am glad, indeed, to see you again, sergeant, for I was becoming very nervous about you."

"I was delayed, as I did not dare appear anxious to get back.

"I found Iron Eyes, Death Face and the outlaw in camp when I went over, and a number of warriors as well, so I decided to get them well out of the way at once, and would not delay for the time agreed upon.

"I found, upon my return to the ford, that you had been there and crossed. I gave the chief a great ghost story about the soldiers, and I had an hour's chat with the outlaw," and Fallon related all his conversation with the outlaw.

"When he holds up the coach he will not only find Sergeant Fallon in it, but Buffalo Bill, Lieutenant Worth and a few good scouts and soldiers, with others following on behind, and a few more to head off the outlaws, so that we will catch the whole outfit," said the sergeant.

"The very thing to be done, sergeant; but who has the outlaw chief for a band?"

"That is the question, Cody."

"Doubtless redskins?"

"I had that idea at first, but he spoke of going to Pioneer City, where he had friends, and I believe he will get men there, and more than he had before, from what he gave out in the way of hints."

"Then, to be sure, we will have to be well provided with men, say one on the box with Jack Jessop, who is also to be counted when it's a scrimmage,

and a dozen can pack away in the coach. Then a few scouts and soldiers on the trail behind the coach, some more of my men ahead and we'll rope in the entire outfit, as you suggest."

"We'll do it, and arrange with the lieutenant, but keep it as secret as the grave. When the letter comes we will then be ready to go out on the first coach, and the man who rides on the box with Jack Jessop can wear a hat and clothes to appear to be my daughter, for she rode all the way through on the box, you know; but here we are at camp."

Day had dawned, and the camp was astir, but the men were not building any fires, but were preparing to eat a cold breakfast.

But, having washed off his paint and changed his clothes, the sergeant and Buffalo Bill went directly to the quarters of the lieutenant.

CHAPTER IV.

BURSTING SHELLS.

Before nightfall the two reserve commands had reached the fords they had been guided to by the scout sent to each of them.

They found them good camping-places, water, wood and grass in plenty, and which could be readily defended if need be.

There were a dozen fires built by those sent on ahead, and the officers in command were delighted to learn that there was a chance for a brush with the Indians, for, being ordered to the front, they believed there would be.

It was just before sunset that Lieutenant Worth, Buffalo Bill and Sergeant Fallon rode into the camp at the upper ford, and were welcomed by the officers and men.

"Percy, how is your gun placed?" asked Lieutenant Worth of the officer in charge.

"It commands the ford and the other shore, though it is not in position to be seen."

"All right, run it into position as soon as Buffalo Bill shows you, just to toss a shell or two, for he has been devoting the past day to studying the Indian camps at two of the fords," said the lieutenant, with a smile, while the scout remarked:

"Say night, rather, lieutenant, for I've been resting by daylight."

Going to a point which commanded a view of the

other shore, Buffalo Bill ran his glass over it and said:

"Sergeant, when I reconnoitered the camp was in those willows."

"Yes, that is it, and the ponies are corraled over beyond them."

"I'll see if I can put a shell there," and the officer in charge of the guns sighted one himself, a sergeant training the other.

"Fire!"

The six and twelve-pounders flashed together, and shells went shrieking across the river.

One burst directly in the willows, the other beyond, where the sergeant had said the horses were.

There was a neighing of horses, several ponies dashed into view, and it was certain that the shells had been a startling surprise to the redskins in camp.

"Percy, I wish one of your guns sent at once down to my camp, and with full speed, for I shall drop a shell or two into the camp across the river from me, and then push on down to the other camp, and have them give the reds a surprise, though we do not know just where they are located at the lower ford, and must guess at it.

"Toss a few more shells over there, and then limber up and get the gun away, whichever one you care to send."

Half a dozen more shells were sent flying into the Indian camp, and then the gun was sent down to the camp of Lieutenant Worth, who, after supper with his officer comrades there, rode away with Buffalo Bill, the sergeant and the three men sent there in the morning to build fires, back to his camp.

He found it no easy task to overtake the gun, the crew being anxious to reach their position and throw in a few shells before word could be sent down from the upper ford, though the firing would naturally be heard there, the sound traveling by the river.

The gun was dragged to the ridge, and the sergeant pointed out just where the camp and corral of ponies were.

"Aim it yourself, sergeant," ordered Lieutenant Worth:

The sergeant did so, and the shells was seen to burst right behind the ledge.

Wild yells followed, and with the firing of a second shell into the corral of ponies, it also struck home, for horses neighed wildly in fright.

"Give them a few more shells, sergeant, and then

the gun can go to camp, while we hold on down to the lower ford."

This was done, the gun retreated to camp, and Lieutenant Worth, Buffalo Bill and Sergeant Fallon followed on down the river trail to the lower ford.

It was some fifteen miles distant, and over a rough trail; but they reached the camp soon after midnight and found the officer in command and his men all under arms and ready for the fray, for they had heard the firing from the middle ford and expected to be called upon to move at any time.

"It is no alarm, Benedict, at least to us, though it is for the Indians.

"I took a fancy to let the redskins know we were across here in very heavy force, as Sergeant Fallon had so reported to them, and got Percy to open on them, and, borrowing one of his guns, I did the same, and now I wish you to stir them up."

"With great pleasure, Lieutenant Worth," answered Lieutenant Benedict, who was in command.

"Have you any idea of just where their camp and corral is?"

"I reconnoitered with my glass just before sunset and think I found their camp, and behind it is a meadow where I saw a pony astray."

"We'll chance it," and the guns were placed in position, the spots pointed out to the gunners, and first one, then another roar came, the shells went shrieking on their errands and bursting just where it was intended they should.

Again startled yells answered, and then half a dozen more shells went crashing into the timber on the other side.

"Give them a couple of shots just at dawn, Benedict, and the other camps will do the same to show them that we have guns at each ford.

"We will camp at the fords for a couple of days yet, and then return by easy marches to the fort, for I do not believe a redskin will venture across the river for a long while to come. Eh, Cody?"

"I do not think so either, sir, unless Eagle, the outlaw, puts them up to some act of deviltry," was the scout's answer, and, after a snack the lieutenant and his two companions returned to their own camp.

The stay of the commands at the fords was continued for three days longer, and every morning and evening what the troops called the "sunrise and sunset guns" were fired across the river at the Indian camps, the guns being loaded with shell.

Since the first night of the firing not an Indian had been seen or heard.

They were either gone or in hiding further off.

Sergeant Fallon volunteered to go across and discover, making the site of the three fords in the night along the trail upon the other side, but Lieutenant Worth said that he did not care to have him take any more chances.

Then the sergeant said it would be well for him to cross just where he had before, and let the Indians feel that he was still trying to serve them, also giving them another ghost story about the troops intending to remain for some time.

Thus urged, the lieutenant yielded, and, rigging out in his Indian costume once more, Sergeant Fallon rode slowly away from the fort after supper one night.

Lieutenant Worth and Buffalo Bill accompanied him to the river, and then waited.

It was bright moonlight, and the other shore could be plainly seen, the officer and the scout watching the sergeant all the way across and until he disappeared in the shadows of the other side.

They waited two hours before they saw him come again into sight.

He rode into the river, came across and joined them back in the shadows on the ridge.

"Have they gone, sergeant?" asked the officer.

"No, sir, they are there, only camped well back, and with half-a-dozen braves on guard at a time, while their force now numbers a couple of hundred men at each ford."

"Give me the location of their camp and we will toss a shell over there in the morning."

"Pardon me, lieutenant," said Buffalo Bill, "but that would compromise the sergeant, as they would understand that through him only the location could have been found out."

"You are right, Cody, and it would not do."

"You could hardly reach there as it is, sir, for they are well protected; but, as Mr. Cody says, it might bring suspicion upon me, and I was received in a most friendly manner."

"Was Iron Eyes there?"

"No, sir; he is back at the village, and Death Face commands five hundred warriors at the pass where they would hope to check your advance, with the braves who would retreat from the fords, and others who would come from the camp.

"They have planned well, indeed, sir, and are in dread of your advance, for they think you have two-thirds of the force from the fort. Fighting Bird is in command at the ford here, and he is a plucky, able chief. The shots did some damage at each ford, for half-a-dozen warriors were killed opposite to us, two at the upper camp and one at the lower, while a score were wounded, as the shells dropped right into their midst. Then, too, they lost a number of ponies by the shelling."

"We did do some service then, at random."

"Yes, sir, and they will be most cautious about recrossing the river for some time to come."

"I hope they will not allow us to rust in camp."

"No danger of that, lieutenant, for they are Indians, and they will break out in a new spot when they think you have forced them to lie quiet," remarked Buffalo Bill.

"There is one thing I did not like, lieutenant."

"What is that, sergeant?"

"The outlaw chief has left the camps."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did he leave?"

"The day after my visit, sir."

"Where did he go?"

"I was told by Fighting Bird that the outlaw seemed sorry to have trusted me after I left, and told Iron Eyes so. Iron Eyes and Death Face laughed at him, and he said that he had made a mistake, but would rectify it, and soon after he left the camp. I asked where he had gone, but Fighting Bird said he did not know; but he thought to the village of the palefaces, meaning Pioneer City."

"But he would not dare to cross the fords."

"It seems, sir, that he knows of another ford up the river to which no trail leads, but where there is really a good crossing, and he went there. He wished to lead a band of warriors around that way to attack the upper camp, but the Indians were too much afraid of the big guns to listen to it."

"It's well for us they were; but would he dare go to Pioneer City, where he must be known?"

"Yes, lieutenant, for you know he always wore a mask as an outlaw, and no one saw his face."

"His face is not known in Pioneer City, and I never saw it that I know of," the scout remarked.

"But is he masked now?"

"No, sir."

"Then you saw his face?"

"I did, sir, and I would know it again if I met his ghost in Hades," was the sergeant's emphatic response, for a moment did he break out from his accustomed quiet mien.

"Describe him, sergeant, please."

"A man six feet in height, sir, built like an Adonis, herculean in strength, and with a dark, intellectual face, cynical, stern and very handsome, but for its look of cruelty.

"He has a long, dark mustache, and his hair hangs upon his shoulders.

"He is a very striking-looking man, sir, and worthy of a better calling to judge by his appearance."

"Well, I hope to have a close look at him some day; but what do you think he went to Pioneer City for?"

"I told you, sir, of his intended letter to my daughter, and as it seems he grew suspicious of me, my idea is that he has gone there to plot to get her into his power at once."

"By the Lord Harry, but you may be right, sergeant. We will break camp at daylight and push for the fort. Come, I'll send couriers to the other camps to move also," and the three returned at a gallop to the camp.

CHAPTER V.

THE RETURN.

When the three forces got under way they marched at a speed according to the distance they had to travel, that all might make the same camp the first night on the way.

The command from the lower ford made twenty miles, and, camping early, they were joined in the afternoon by the party under Lieutenant Worth.

At dark the third command, under Lieutenant Percy, came in, and Walter Worth surveyed his little army with considerable pride at being the superior officer.

When they pulled out from camp early the next morning, seeing that the news that the outlaw had gone to Pioneer City made Sergeant Fallon anxious, he said to him:

"Sergeant, you and Buffalo Bill can push on ahead to the fort, for the command cannot get in to-night without crowding the horses very hard and riding late, and there is no necessity for either."

The face of the sergeant brightened at the order of the lieutenant, and he said:

"Thank you, sir; I shall be most happy to go on ahead."

"Say to Colonel Carr I will arrive with the command to-morrow, not caring to push the cattle."

"Yes, sir," and the sergeant at once reported to Buffalo Bill what the lieutenant had said, and the two started off at a pace more than double that at which the troops were traveling, retarded as they were by the guns, a couple of ambulances and some pack mules.

The sun was yet above the horizon when the sentinel on the watch tower reported the coming of two horsemen by the trail leading to the Indian country.

The coming of the scout and Sergeant Fallon was soon reported to the colonel.

The stories were told, as known to the reader, the sergeant telling his first, and both were listened to with the greatest attention by the colonel, who then said:

"Sergeant, your daring and gallant conduct shall be reported with a strong recommendation, added to others already sent to Washington, for your promotion to a lieutenantcy."

"I thank you, sir."

"It will be a well-won appointment, sergeant, but, as you request it, it will be best to say as little as possible about your going into the Indian lines, as it might reach the ears of the outlaw, who you say left the camps after your first visit, presumably going to Pioneer City."

"Yes, sir."

"Then he will be up to more deviltry, I fear; but, sergeant, your daughter is not here, you know, or had you heard of her departure?"

"My daughter not here, sir?" and Sergeant Fallon's face turned to the hue of death.

"Don't be alarmed, man, for she only went by Jack Jessop's coach this morning to Pioneer City to see her lawyer, who wrote to her that he was laid up there with rheumatism, and wished both of you to come on there.

"As she did not know when you would return, she went alone; but what ails you, sergeant?"

"My God, Colonel Carr, that letter was a trick of the outlaw chief to get my child into his clutches again," gasped the sergeant.

The words of the sergeant fairly startled the colonel, and he looked anxiously toward the scout and said:

"Cody, the sergeant is too deeply moved to speak.

"Tell me yourself what this means?"

"It means, colonel," answered Buffalo Bill, "that while in the Indian lines Sergeant Fallon had a long talk with Eagle, the outlaw leader, and became his ally in an intended capture of himself, the sergeant, and Miss Fallon. A compact was entered into between them, as I understood it from Sergeant Fallon, that he should inveigle himself and Miss Fallon to take the coach to Pioneer City, and he would hold it up and capture them."

"The outlaw had seen Miss Fallon's papers and letters, when she was his captive, copied the address of her lawyer and secreted a letter of his so as to forge his writing and signature.

"A letter to her was to be written from Pioneer City, pretending to come from the lawyer and saying as he was laid up and unable to come to the fort, she must come to him on a most important legal matter that he would explain."

"I see it all, and she has fallen into the trap, for it was to Pioneer City that the outlaw went to carry out his infernal plot. Sergeant, you have my deepest sympathy, and we will do all we can to rescue your daughter, I assure you."

"I feel that, sir; but she is now in that man's power, and——"

"Colonel Carr, may I offer a suggestion?" said Buffalo Bill, suddenly.

"Out with it, Cody."

"The outlaw crossed the river at a point beyond the upper ford, the Indians told the sergeant, at a secret ford known to him alone.

"Now, I believe he carried Indians along with him, so a trail will be left, and if he has captured Miss Lucille he will most surely take her to the village of old Iron Eyes, for nowhere else could he carry her in safety."

"Yes, Cody."

"If he held up the coach to-day it was on the other side of Cañon River bridge, and it is as far for him to ride from there to his secret crossing of the river as it is for us to go down from here, and by hard riding we could get there first, sir, begging your pardon, if we could start at once, push through and meet Lieutenant Worth, we could——"

"Cody, you have hit the nail on the head, and you and the sergeant shall start within half an hour on your ride.

"You, sergeant, can ride my best charger, Spur, for he needs exercise, and Lieutenant Worth will go back with you and take what men he deems necessary, leaving the command to Lieutenant Percy to bring on. Say to Lieutenant Worth, sergeant, that such is my wish.

"Let him pick his horses, and you should reach him in time to-night to get a short rest there for yours, and be away all together at dawn."

"We will, sir, and I thank you deeply for your great kindness. We will start within half an hour, sir, but I dislike to force Scout Cody and others on such a hard ride," said Sergeant Fallon, earnestly.

"Oh, don't mind me, sergeant, for I've had more rest of late than I wanted," said Buffalo Bill, dryly.

"Well, now be off, and remember, sergeant, you are to ride my horse, Spur."

"Thank you, sir," and with wishes for their success, the colonel saw them depart hastily for their respective quarters.

The long ride they had had was forgotten by both men, for what did they care for fatigue when it was to save Lucille from the power of the hated outlaw chief.

Buffalo Bill hastened to his quarters to change his clothing, and order two of his best horses brought out, for the scout was noted for the splendid animals he always had ready for use.

One of them he intended to ride, the other to be used as a pack animal, and he ordered a good supply of provisions put in the pack saddle, and within an hour after leaving the colonel's quarters he was ready for the trail.

He had his supper, and just at dark rode up to the sergeant's quarters.

"Time, sergeant, time!" he called.

The colonel's magnificent roan, Spur, was there, with the sergeant's saddle and bridle on, and there was a place in the pack saddle for what the soldier wished to carry along.

These were stowed away and the two friends rode out of the fort side by side, the pack horse traveling behind.

The traps of the horsemen had been so divided up that the saddle horses had only the weight of the riders, the pack animal carrying the balance.

They were gazed upon as they rode away back on the trail they had come, the soldiers wondering at their going so soon after their return.

As they left the gate, the scout urged his horse into a slow canter, the sergeant's and the pack horse settling down to the same steady pace.

Thus they went on their way through the darkness, leaving mile after mile behind them.

"We will reach the camp by midnight, sergeant, and that will give our horses and ourselves a good rest until dawn, and allow Lieutenant Worth ample time to select his men."

"What number do you think he will take, Mr. Cody?"

"I should say six of my men, and as many soldiers, and this, with the lieutenant and ourselves, will give us fifteen."

"Enough, if Lieutenant Worth picks the men."

"Which he will do, and yet a few more would not be amiss."

"Well, suggest it, for he is most reasonable."

"He is, indeed, and one of the bravest and most brilliant young officers I ever knew."

"You are right there, and he is making his way well to the front."

Seeing that they were not distressing their horses, the two kept them at a still more rapid pace, and it was just before midnight that they dashed up to the camp.

Lieutenant Worth was at once aroused and the situation explained to him, and before the sergeant could deliver the colonel's message he cried:

"I'll take a score of men and go back with you, for that villain must be run down. You know your men best, Cody, so pick out from the three commands together here, ten of your best scouts, and let them take the finest horses, whether their own or not. You, Sergeant Fallon, pick a corporal and ten troopers, and see that they get the very best mounts. The quartermaster shall at once get supplies for a couple of weeks' stay, for we must go well prepared, and——"

"I go, too, Lieutenant Worth, for I shall be needed," cried Surgeon Denmead, who was present at the interview.

"Ah, Denmead, always the right man in the right place, and I am glad you spoke, for I will be glad to have you along."

"Now, prepare all, for we must be in the saddle within the hour."

There was no use saying wait until dawn, for the dashing young cavalry officer said:

"We will go ten miles on our way and then camp, for I'll feel then as though we had started. If your horses are blown, Cody, you can take others."

"I'll ride another, sir, as will Sergeant Fallon, and take an extra pack horse, too, so the three we pushed to the camp here can run loose and thus rest."

"Yes, and I've ordered half-a-dozen extras driven along loose in case of breakdowns, for there must be no delay on this ride."

The party who were to make the ride then had supper, and in just one hour after the arrival of Buffalo Bill and the sergeant in camp, the party, twenty-five all told and thirty-five horses, rode off on their expedition to rescue Lucille Fallon.

"Set the pace, Cody, and don't make it too slow," said Lieutenant Worth, and Buffalo Bill rode to the front, the sergeant with him.

Behind rode Lieutenant Worth and Surgeon Denmead, then the corporal and his troopers, the pack horses and extras following, and the scouts bringing up the rear in two detachments, under Will Palmer and Hugh Hardin respectively.

When ten miles had been passed over Buffalo Bill began to look for a camping-place, when Lieutenant Worth called out:

"The horses are all right, Cody, so give them another hour of it, and we'll reach a good halting-place."

Another hour was given them, and the scout led the command to a fine camp where water, grass and wood were plentiful.

They quickly staked out the animals, one scout was put on duty, with orders to call a relief after one hour, and he to do likewise, until four hours had passed, when breakfast would be eaten and the ride resumed.

The men threw themselves down upon their blankets and were soon fast asleep.

Feeling that all was being done that was possible for the rescue of his daughter, Sergeant Fallon, knowing his need of rest, followed Buffalo Bill's example and dropped off into a deep slumber.

Two soldiers and two scouts were awakened by

the sentinel to get breakfast, and the others were allowed to sleep on until it was ready.

The meal disposed of, the horses were saddled, and, mounting, away they started on another mad ride.

Buffalo Bill was leading the command as guide and scout, and constantly by his side kept Sergeant Fallon, while Lieutenant Worth and Dr. Denmead were not far in the rear.

The halt was made at noon, but not for two hours, as a consultation and look at the horses showed that they were not yet used up, save two, that were left behind.

"They will get a rest when we reach the river tonight, so push them for all they are worth, Bill," said the lieutenant.

"Yes, sir; and we must reach the river while it is daylight to find that trail, and so wait there, for he may come up in the night and go across," answered Buffalo Bill.

The halt was, therefore, made at noon for an hour only, and yet the horses were stripped and rubbed down while they fed.

Then the party mounted again and pushed on, the scout setting even a faster pace than before.

He was determined to strike the river above the upper ford, and from there up look for the trail coming out where the outlaw crossed.

To do this, hard riding must be made.

Another horse dropped out during the afternoon, and a second soon after.

They were left by the trail side.

Buffalo Bill glanced back to see if he was pushing too hard, but the lieutenant waved him on, and the sergeant's face brightened, as he said, in a low tone:

"God bless that noble young man."

"Oh, he's got the nerve to push to the end," answered Buffalo Bill, and as he spoke Lieutenant Worth called out:

"Your horses can stand the strain, Bill, so you and the sergeant push on ahead, and I'll send what men after you I can pick out with the best animals."

"The rest of us can follow, but you go on and try and pick up the trail."

The splendid animals ridden by Buffalo Bill and the sergeant were yet capable of hard work, as was also the one ridden by Lieutenant Worth, but he felt that he had better remain with the men.

So he picked out several of the scouts whose

horses seemed less distressed, and told them to push on with their chief.

So on went Buffalo Bill, the sergeant and four scouts following, the rest bringing up the rear at a slower pace.

Buffalo Bill looked back and saw that they were dropping the command fast enough for the good of the animals, and so held at the reserved pace he had set.

On, on, they went, halting at a brook for a few swallows of water, again a few mouthfuls of grass, and then on once more.

The river at last came in sight as they descended a ridge.

They had crossed the trail leading back from the upper ford half an hour before.

Riding down from the ridge, they reached the river just three miles above the ford.

Here they halted for a moment, two of the scouts' horses having failed them.

The animals were all panting like hounds, and the riders relieved them of their weight, and began to go on foot along the river bank, the scout remarking:

"There is certainly no crossing between us and the ford, for I have ridden this far above it several times before.

"It is above that the secret crossing is, and the outlaw would hardly have risked it had it been nearer to where the soldiers' camp was."

"So I think," the sergeant remarked.

So on they went, the scout and sergeant walking rapidly and viewing every foot of ground, while the scouts followed behind leading their horses.

Thus a mile had been gone over, and the face of the sergeant grew anxious, for he saw that the sun was drawing near the horizon.

Buffalo Bill's face was placid, for he never relieved his thoughts, no matter what was his distress of mind; yet he, too, watched the declining sun with anxious eyes.

On they went, limbering up their legs from long riding by rapid walking.

At last they came to a rise, when the scout halted.

He saw that there were two ridges running to the river, a deep ravine between them.

Across the river he saw that there was a sandbar, and a point of sand stretched out into the stream, the swift flow being on the side where they stood.

The channel here looked narrow, too, and, examining the water, it appeared to be more shallow than above and below.

"Sergeant."

"Yes, Mr. Cody."

"I think here is the crossing."

"The same thought was mine, sir."

"Of course, they would have to swim their horses for several hundred yards, but by riding out upon that sandbar which is well above, they would land, forced down by the current, about at this ravine—in fact, if they were swept by, would not land at all."

"If they crossed from this side, sir?"

"They would have to ride in yonder above at that break in the bank, and that would bring them on the sandbar point. I will go there and see if they could get down to the river, while you look down in the ravine for their trail," and the scout started on his way, to suddenly call out to the sergeant, who was climbing down the ravine:

"Here is the trail coming out, and there were a score of them."

The sergeant, at the call of Buffalo Bill, hastened to where he stood.

He was passing around the descent to the river between the two ridges, and had found a trail.

Reaching the spot, the trail was there, made by all of two dozen horses, they decided after an examination.

"It goes straight down the ravine to the river, and was, as you said, the landing when they rode in from the bar."

"Yes, sergeant."

"We will leave the boys here and go on to that break up yonder, for there is where I feel sure they must cross, and, if my memory serves me right, there is no other for many a long mile above."

Calling to the scouts to halt there where they were, Buffalo Bill and the sergeant pushed rapidly on to the break in the bank, nearly a mile above.

They reached it just as the sun touched the horizon, and a glance showed that it was a ravine like the one below, narrow, rocky and steep.

But from that point a descent into the river could rapidly be made, and as the stream had a bend there, a swim would carry them across for a landing on the sandbar below.

Going around to the head of the ravine, Buffalo

Bill and the sergeant came to a halt, as though they had been shot at.

"My God!" exclaimed the sergeant.

"Too late!" said Buffalo Bill.

"They have crossed," and the sergeant's face was white.

"Yes, not two hours ago, from the looks of the trail.

"That man knows the secret pass through Skeleton Range, or he could never have reached here in this time, for that cuts off all of thirty miles in coming from the Overland Trail to the upper ford."

"Yes, I have followed the regular trail, long ago, but knew of no secret pass."

"There is one, however, as an old trapper once led me through it. The outlaw must have known it to have reached here before us, riding as we have, for, remember, it is just twenty-four hours since we left the fort, and we have come a little over a hundred miles."

"Very true, we have done our duty, but in vain, for my daughter is still in that man's power and has been carried on to the Indian camp in the mountains."

"I fear so."

"What can we do now?"

"I'll tell you.

"We came here on foot, so have left no trail. We will go to the lower ravine and join the boys, then draw off for a camp, for horses and men must rest."

"True."

"We passed a spot some distance back that will make a splendid camp, back from the river, and where the fires cannot be seen by the Indians, who must still be guarding the fords."

"Yes."

"Now to see if this trail was made by the same party, for I took notice of peculiarities I can readily discover, as there were two shod horses, and large animals, the others being ponies."

"That means the outlaw's two horses and the ponies of the Indian allies."

"Just that," and the two began to examine the trail.

"Yes, here are the tracks of the two ironshod horses, Mr. Cody."

"There are more shod horses—six more, sergeant—and that means——"

"The six horses of the stage coach," quickly interrupted the sergeant.

"Just that."

"That tells the story, then, for the other tracks agree. It is growing dark, so let us hurry back and make a camp for the tired men."

They walked rapidly back down the river bank, joined the two scouts awaiting them, and told the sad story to them that they were——

"Too late!"

Mounting their horses they rode back in the gathering twilight for a mile, when they met the other two scouts, who had dropped back on account of their horses.

They had halted just where the scout intended to make the night camp, and seeing that the place was thoroughly sheltered, they began to build fires.

Just as the fires began to burn well, the command came in sight, and the tired horses gained courage and hastened on.

They were soon all there, the stragglers dropping in one by one, and a sadness fell upon all as they heard the ill-omened words: "Too late."

Lieutenant Worth listened with stern face and flashing eyes.

Then he said:

"Our first duty is to care for our worn-out cattle.

"Then we will have supper, and, afterward, hold a council of war, Bill, and decide what must be done, for Miss Fallon shall be rescued; yes, and that villain Lamar must be hanged.

"Those two duties must and shall be done."

CHAPTER VI.

THE FORGED LETTER.

Lucille Fallon was surprised when she received a letter by mail, posted at Pioneer City, and addressed in the well-known hand of her lawyer.

It was short, and merely told her that certain legal technicalities having arisen that required her signature, and her father's, to papers he held, he had decided to come himself and get them, and had reached Pioneer City, where, on account of an attack of rheumatism, he was compelled to halt and ask the sergeant and herself to come to him.

Lucille expressed her surprise that any business had been so important as to bring the lawyer out to

the Wild West, but she concluded to go, and regretted the absence of her father.

Perhaps she could do without him, and, if not, she would urge the lawyer to return with her to the fort, where he would be well cared for.

There were no other passengers, and with a small satchel as her only baggage, she mounted to the box with Jack Jessop and rolled away from the fort.

She enjoyed the bright morning and beautiful scenery immensely, and Jack was glad to entertain his fair companion.

The bridge was crossed over the river, and then began the pull up a long hill.

Suddenly, as though by magic, a score of forms arose, it appeared from the ground.

They came from behind trees and rocks, and they came like so many apparitions.

They were all dressed in buckskin, wore slouch hats and masks, while they carried rifles in their hands and were armed with a belt of weapons as well.

They were all on foot, save one.

That one was mounted on a fine horse, and came out from behind a group of rocks.

He sat his horse splendidly, wore a belt of arms, but carried no rifle.

A broad sombrero sheltered his head, his hair fell upon his shoulders, and he was dressed in a black suit with gold-coin buttons.

His face was masked completely, and his hands were covered with red gauntlet gloves.

There was no mistaking the man, for it was Captain Eagle, chief of the Red Hand Riders.

"That imp of Satan, ther chief o' ther Red Hands, by all that's holy!" growled Jack Jessop.

Lucille turned pale, yet remained perfectly calm, while she said:

"He has little to rob me of, Jack."

Up to the coach rode the chief, while he bent low in his saddle and said:

"We have the pleasure of meeting, Miss Fallon."

"The pleasure is all yours, sir."

"And, Jack, you and I have met before," resumed the chief, paying no attention to Lucille's sarcastic reply to his salutation.

"Yes, and some day we'll meet once too often for your good, cap," said Jack.

"Well, what have you aboard to interest me, other than the fair lady on the box with you?"

"Nothing, for I is running light; but I was in hopes you was dead."

"Oh, no; I am still on deck, as you see."

"But have you no dust from the mines on board?"

"Not an ounce."

"No money?"

"This hain't after pay time, as you knows, so no money goes East on this run."

"Well, I believe you, but I shall search your old hearse, all the same."

He called to his followers, and they completely surrounded the coach.

Then he began the search personally.

"What is in these boxes in the rear boot?"

"Weapons sent to Colone! Buck from the fort sutler; he ordered them."

"They are treasure. Give me your hatchet."

The driver passed it down, and, knocking open the boxes, the chief said:

"Good! repeating rifles and revolvers—just what I need; yes, and ammunition, too, with bowie knives and belts. Ah! here are a couple of fine saddles and bridles, too, and a roll of superb serapes. Why, Jack, I am in luck, especially as a decoy letter I wrote got Miss Fallon into my power, though I regret to see that her father is not along."

"Miss Fallon, the letter from your lawyer I forged. It has done its duty."

When the outlaw chief spoke of the letter Lucille's face flushed, and her eyes brightened with indignation and anger.

She knew that she was the victim of a plot, and quick as a flash she whipped out from her belt a small revolver and threw it forward, her finger upon the trigger.

There was no tremor of the hand, the act was one of determined intention to kill the man, and she would have done so then and there, for he was caught wholly off his guard, had not Jack Jessop struck up her hand just as she pulled trigger.

The bullet, as it was, cut through the corner of the chief's sombrero.

"A close call, that."

"Jack Jessop, you saved my life, so I'll not kill you, as I intended to do; that act saved you."

"I didn't do it for you, but to save her," grunted Jack.

"Oh, I know your intention, but the act was the same, for you saved me from death."

"Miss Fallon, you are as quick as a flash as a drawer, and a ready hand with a revolver. You owe it to Jack Jessop that you do not suffer for your intended taking of my life, for my men would have been quickly revenged upon you. Give me that weapon, please."

She sat, white, silent and almost despairing.

But she turned and handed the weapon to Jack Jessop, who in turn surrendered it with his own weapons to the chief.

"Get off the box, Jack."

The man obeyed.

"Now, Miss Fallon, do you also alight."

She also obeyed.

"Jack, I shall put these irons on your ankles. You can walk with them, for the chain is a foot long, but slowly. You will have to walk to the next station, and you'll hardly reach there before night. I need your horses, so will take them, and I have pack animals along, too, for the plunder.

"Miss Fallon, I have a horse with side saddle for you, so you see I came prepared, even to good food for you, a canvas shelter and blankets."

"You intend to take me a prisoner?" said Lucille.

"I certainly do, and hold you until I get the big ransom I shall demand."

"My poor, poor father."

"He is fortunate in not having come with you."

"Jack, there is no help for it, so I'll make the best of it," and Lucille turned to the driver.

"Tell my father what happened, and to arrange for the ransom, as he can do, provided it is not too large, for there is a limit, you know, and I am not of age yet, so funds cannot be readily gotten beyond a certain sum. Tell him not to delay, for I wish my freedom, and attempt no rescue, but pay the ransom. Good-by, Jack," and Lucille held out her hand.

"You is the gamest leetle gal I ever seen," said Jack Jessop, and the tears came into his eyes, and, turning to the outlaw, he continued:

"Some day there'll come a settlement for your red deeds, and cruel treatment of this leetle lady, and I'd show you no more mercy than I would a snake."

The chief laughed, snapped the irons on Jack's ankles, then continued his search of the coach, taking several things of value.

Then he called to his silent men to bring up the horses, and to strip the team of the harness.

They quickly did so, and a horse was led up with a lady's saddle.

Lucille sprang to her seat without aid, making the remark in an indifferent tone:

"It is lucky I wore my riding habit, fearing some accident."

The things from the coach, arms and other articles, with the harness, cushions and rubber coverings, were soon packed on the horses, the chief mounted, and, turning to the driver, said:

"Good-by, Jack."

"I will not leave you unarmed, so here is your belt again."

"My compliments to Buffalo Bill, and tell him that some day I'll get his scalp."

With a wave of the hand he rode off, leaving Jack Jessop gazing after them, his eyes full of tears at the fate of poor Lucille, whom he was powerless to aid.

But Jack did not hesitate long, for he at once turned his steps down the trail toward Pioneer City, carrying the mails, which had not been disturbed, upon his back.

He could not walk fast, ironed as he was, and it was night when he reached the relay station, utterly exhausted.

But he quickly had the iron chain hammered in two by the stock tender, and, mounting a horse, the manacles still about his ankles, he rode on to Pioneer City and reported what had happened, starting out at once again with a harnessed team after his coach.

The stock tender at the station he had sent off at full speed to the fort to report the affair to Colonel Carr.

The stock tender reached the fort after midnight, and, half an hour after, a lieutenant with his troop and six of Buffalo Bill's scouts had started for Monument Hill to pick up the trail of the outlaws at dawn, and follow it, Colonel Carr believing that he could thus aid Lieutenant Worth and his party who were pushing on to the river to head off the lawless band.

Jack Jessop took his dismantled coach into Pioneer City with all haste, and then went to a blacksmith to get his manacles removed.

He found the town all excitement over the affair, and learned from Colonel Buck, the stage agent there, that a stranger had come into Pioneer City and purchased a side saddle and a lot of provisions

and other things, remaining but a short while and stating that he was from the Fort Advance settlement.

"That man was the outlaw," said Jack Jessop. And he was right.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FLIGHT.

The outlaw chief placed himself by the side of Lucille as they started away, and she said, quickly:

"There is no possible chance of my escape, so ride on ahead and I will follow you."

"You do not wish me by your side?"

"I do not."

"I wish to talk to you."

"I do not care to converse with you."

"But I have something of importance to say."

"I do not care to hear it."

"But you must, and the trail admits of two riding abreast now, and will not later on, and I will not disturb you long."

"I have no power to enforce my wish."

"I shall ask the sum of just thirty thousand dollars for your ransom, and when that is paid you shall go free."

"You will not get it."

"Why?"

"Well, though I have property of considerable value, neither my lawyer and guardian, nor myself, can get money on it until a certain time, and the cash that can be gotten is just that which is left over from the sum appropriated to pay certain fees, my schooling and living."

"And what does that amount to?"

"About eighteen thousand dollars."

"Somehow, I believe you, so I will take what I can get. Twenty thousand, then, shall be the price, for the balance can be raised, doubtless your father has it, and when that is paid, you shall go free. I shall arrange all matters so as to place no difficulties in the way, and meanwhile you shall be treated with every respect, and given what comforts I can allow you."

There was something in the manner of the outlaw toward her that Lucille could not understand, and that was his marked respect.

When it grew near sunset he ordered a halt, sought a secluded spot for his captive, had her can-

vas shelter put up, and placed before her a good supper, after which he left her, with the words:

"I shall halt here for four hours, and then it shall be six more in the saddle, so get what rest you can."

She enjoyed her supper, spread her blankets, and was soon fast asleep.

A call awakened her, and, fifteen minutes after, they were again in the saddle, this time the chief riding ahead of her, his masked followers coming along behind her.

"Why do they mask still? for they are all Indians, I have discovered," she said to the chief.

"You are not so sure of that."

"Oh, yes, I am," was the confident reply. I wasn't born in the West, but I know an Indian when I see one."

Another long ride through the darkness of six hours, and the chief called a halt, two hours before dawn.

Again Lucille was placed in a secluded spot, her shelter put up and she was made comfortable, the chief remarking:

"We will not move for five hours this time, so you will have another rest, so make the best of it."

Again she slept soundly, and when she awoke the sun was shining brightly.

She at once realized her position, and sighed.

But she went to a rivulet near and made her toilet, then sat down on a rock and ate the breakfast which the chief had cooked.

He had killed a deer, and gave her a nice steak, some bacon broiled on the coals, a crisp hoecake and cup of coffee in which there was some condensed milk and sugar he had brought from Pioneer City.

She ate heartily, mounted her horse and again took her place behind the chief, who remarked, quietly:

"As you can see through masks, Miss Fallon, I told my men to take them off."

"Yes, they are Indians, and a cruel-looking lot they are, though with hearts that are not as evil as their master's, for their training has been to kill, torture and rob an enemy, yours far different."

He bit his lip, but made no reply, and again rode to the front.

After a short while he said:

"Buffalo Bill and your father are up at the fords with Lieutenant Worth, hunting Indians, as you doubtless know. Jack Jessop got in during the

night, and doubtless sent word of the hold-up of the coach both to the fort and to Pioneer City, so that the troops, if sent at once on the trail, have now reached Monument Hill."

"On your trail?"

"Yes, but a long distance behind, for we are over forty miles from the hill, and before night I shall cross the river into the Indian country, as I know of a secret trail over the mountain range you see ahead of us which will cut off half a day's hard ride, and treat you to a view of some magnificent scenery as well."

"You are very thoughtful to treat me to grand scenery under such circumstances."

"Well, I wish to make your captivity as pleasant to you as possible; but I have to ride hard, as I will only feel safe when I get you across the river."

"And I shall be less safe."

"You will be all right, for I will take you up into the village of the old chief, Iron Eyes, and there is a good cabin there which no Indian will live in. It was built by a renegade white man who fled with his family to the Indians and was adopted into the tribe. The man, his wife and the children died off, and their cabin still remains there in good condition, furnished as they left it, for they brought all their furniture with them in their flight."

"I shall appreciate being separated from the Indians at least."

"Oh, yes, you will be free from them, for the tepees nearest the cabin are not occupied, but all used to store pelts, food and the hundred and one things an Indian snakes in. It is, in fact, the store village, and the nearest living tepee to you is that of the young chief, Death Face, and you can trust him, for he is of a most chivalrous nature."

"The other Indians will not go near you, I'll see to that, so you will be alone; but that will not mean that you will have a chance to escape, as that would be impossible for a man to do, let alone a young girl."

Lucille made no reply, and the chief did not again break the silence until they had climbed the mountain range by a most dangerous path.

The outlaw halted as he neared the top of the range, having asked Lucille not to look behind her until he told her to do so, as he did not wish to spoil her view.

She wheeled her horse and glanced behind her, and an exclamation of delight burst from her lips.

Long she gazed in perfect rapture, and forgetful of herself, as she beheld miles of mountain, valley and plain scenery.

The chief said:

"That little grove there shall be your noonday camping-place, directly upon the summit of the mountain, so that you can see in every direction. Down on the other side, a few hundred yards, is a plateau, a valley in the mountain top, with a stream running through it, and there we shall go on a halt, for there is good grass for the horses. When you get tired of the view come to where we are, and dinner will be ready."

Reaching the little grove of pines Lucille again cried out in admiration, for before her now was a still grander view, for, flowing through a vast valley, was a large river.

"Do you see yonder mountains, miles below the river?"

"Yes."

"It is there that the Indian village is, and that will be the end of our trail."

"Just there, where you see a bald hill by the river, is where we will cross by a ford but very few know of, for none of my Indians know of it, and it is one no one could find, save by accident, as I did by seeing a herd of deer take to the water and swim across."

"Something frightened them on the other side—a pack of wolves, I think—and they swam back again, landing at another point below. It showed me a crossing-place, and I let several of my men into the secret and used to send couriers that way to and from my retreat to the Indian village. As the known fords are now guarded by troops, we will cross this way, if you are not too much alarmed."

"And if I am you will go to the regular ford?"

"Oh, no; I am no fool, to run upon the soldiers."

"What will you do if I have not the nerve to go across?"

"Simply go around by a ford that will give us two days' hard travel."

"Never mind me, then; cross by the secret ford, for I can venture it if you can."

The outlaw then rode on, leading her horse, the Indians having gone to the camping-place.

Lucille was alone on the mountain top, and gazed about her in rapt admiration.

At last she said:

"If I had my horse and a good start, I would risk finding my way back to the Overland Trail, for I watched all along closely, and my horse would retrace his tracks, I believe.

"But, no, I must accept the situation as it is, and take things as they come.

"The outlaw, from what he says, seems to think the fords are guarded by a large force, so I will not undeceive him.

cill. "Even now my father may be within a few miles of
"I, and, oh! if he only knew."

on. "She weakened for a moment, but quickly rallied from her emotions and continued her gaze for quite a while.

"Then she strolled about the mountain top, plucked a few wild flowers clinging among the rocks, and next started down to the camp with the remark:

"Ah! I get the odors of boiling bacon and coffee, for the wind blows up from the camp. It makes me hungry, so I'll go down to dinner."

Down she went, to soon come upon the trail, and she was glad to find dinner ready, and enjoyed it.

Mounting again, the chief said:

"We must ride hard now, for the river will have to be behind us when the sun sets.

"Are you very tired, Miss Fallon?"

"Oh, no."

So on they went at a very slow pace for several miles in going down the mountain, and then when they struck good traveling, they pushed rapidly on, the chief not sparing the horses now.

The sun was over an hour high when the river came into view.

A halt was made to cool the horses off a little, then, riding down a steep ravine to the water, the chief said:

"I'll take your bridle rein here, Miss Fallon. Permit me to fold this rubber blanket around your feet and form, and you will not get in the least wet. Let your horse have full rein and do not be alarmed."

"I am not in the least alarmed," was the reply, and she permitted the chief to fold the rubber blanket about her in such a way that she would not get wet when her horse was back deep in swimming.

Then the chief rode in, she followed, her horse led, and the Indians came behind with the pack horses. The animals began to swim almost immediately,

and the brave girl rather enjoyed the scene than dreaded it.

After a long swim a sandbar was reached, they landed in safety, and, not to let the horses get cold, the chief pushed on for a couple of miles and went into camp, with the remark:

"We are safe now, Miss Fallon, and you can rest through the night."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

What the outlaw called safety was for himself and the Indians alone, and far from it for poor Lucille.

He believed that the three fords were guarded still, that he might run upon a scouting party from the soldiers' camps at any moment, and he did not feel at ease until he had crossed the river with his captive.

It was bold in him to venture so near the upper ford, believing a party of soldiers to be there, yet he knew that the wild nature of the country through which the river flowed above, would keep him from crossing for many a long mile, and, for Lucille's sake alone, to his credit be it said, he wished to cross by the unknown ford, though, strictly speaking, it was not a ford, but a place where a horse or man might get over by swimming.

Lucille had escaped getting wet in crossing, and, as before, was given a secluded camping-place to herself.

The chief made it most comfortable, as there was no hurry now, by cutting pine boughs and building a wicky-up and placing the pine straw as a couch, with the cushions from the coach upon it.

A little fire was built near, just to make it more homelike, the chief said, and an extra supper was prepared for all.

Night fell, and soon after supper the tired girl, for she was tired, sank to sleep in a few minutes.

She awoke once in the night, to hear an owl hooting in the trees not far away, and a coyote yelping a short distance from camp.

But she banished all thought with an effort of her will, and went to sleep again, awakening only when the sun had risen.

"I hope you rested well last night, Miss Fallon?"

"I enjoyed a good night's rest, thank you."

"A ride of a little over thirty miles, and you will be in your new home to-night."

"Home! Do not desecrate the name, for it will be a prison, not a home to me," she said, bitterly.

"Breakfast is ready for you."

She ate it, her spirits returned, and once more she mounted for the ride.

Toward noon they began to climb the range she had seen from far across the river, and soon after the chief halted for dinner.

Then up the steep trail they climbed again, Lucille glancing back from time to time to behold the scenery, and, while the sun was yet two hours above the horizon, they came to a pass in the mountains, where she suddenly beheld an Indian sentinel standing in the trail ahead of them.

"Where is the chief?" asked the outlaw in the Indian tongue, and which was as Hebrew to Lucille.

The Indian sentinel pointed, and soon after there came toward them a horseman that at once riveted Lucille's gaze.

He was the Indian chief, Death Face, and he had just come down from the village to the pass, which his band of braves were guarding.

He was resplendent in a new costume, from boots to war-bonnet, for he had on a pair of handsome cavalry boots.

Sitting his horse with conscious power, armed with the white man's weapons of revolvers and bowie knife, his face hideously painted, and mounted upon an animal that was bedecked in barbaric splendor, Death Face struck Lucille as being the most remarkable being she had ever gazed upon.

The young chief fairly started as his eyes fell upon her, and the outlaw, after greeting him, said:

"Death Face, I have been on a raid into the white man's territory, and this lady is my captive, whom I shall sell back to her father for a large price."

To the utter amazement of Lucille, the young chief replied, in perfect English:

"I do not believe in the theory of my people, chief, of making war upon women and children, and I am surprised that you, as a white man, should do so; but that is your affair, not mine, only treat her well."

"That she will tell you I have done. I wish to place her in the renegade's cabin in your camp."

"You can do so."

The outlaw and his captive were then riding on, when he halted and said:

"Chief Death Face, those braves of yours whom I took with me I shall arm with repeating rifles and revolvers. I also have a pair of fine revolvers, a knife and a rifle for you, with a very handsome buckskin suit sent by an officer at the fort to a friend in the East, with slouch hat and all.

"They will fit you, I am sure, and I wish you to accept them, as well as several fine Mexican serapes."

"Thank you, Captain Eagle, I will take them.

"You have done well, I see, on your raid?"

"Oh, yes.

"Come to my quarters in the village to-night."

"I will.

"But have you any word of the soldiers?"

"They are still on the other side, though I did not see them."

"I supposed they had gone, for we had seen no campfire smoke for three days."

"It may be a trick, so still be cautious and guard the fords, especially now that I have a captive here for whose rescue Colonel Carr would doubtless send his whole force."

With this the chief rode on, muttering to himself:

"I must win that fellow with presents, for he will be the next chief after Iron Eyes, and he has as much influence now. He speaks English like a paleface, and acts like one, too. There is some secret about him that I cannot fathom."

He had not ridden far before Lucille came up alongside of him.

She saw now about her in a valley-like cañon a camp of half-a-thousand Indians.

They were in full war paint, and gazed savagely at her as she rode by, yet were gloating in her capture.

Once through the cañon, and the trail led down into a beautiful valley in which was the village of old Iron Eyes.

Lucille uttered a cry as the view burst upon her, for, through the valley ran a mountain stream, upon both sides of which, for several miles, were the tepees of the Indians, the scattered village of the red men.

The valley was dotted with thousands of ponies, and among the tepees were visible many women and children.

Warriors were riding about, youths were mounted upon bareback ponies, others were playing games, children were bathing in the stream, and squaws were busy getting the evening meal.

At the base of the hills on either side was heavy

timber, and above the village towered the mountain ranges.

"What a view for an artist!" cried Lucille.

"Yes, it must strike you strangely, Miss Fallon."

"It does; but you did not answer my question?"

"What was that?"

"I asked you, after we came through the camp of braves, who that young chief was?"

"He is called Death Face, and is the next chief in power to old Iron Eyes."

"He is very young?"

"Not over twenty-two, I should say."

"And yet holds such power?"

"He is a born fighter, a plotter, a soldier, and has won his way up, young as he is."

"How is it that he speaks English so well?"

"He was taught by a renegade white man and his family, I believe."

"And also learned from him, I suppose, not to war against women and children."

"He could set you a good example, chief."

"I follow my own inclinations, Miss Fallon."

"So I have discovered."

"But in what part of this village am I to find refuge?"

"Up at the head of the valley, in the cabin I spoke of."

"There must be a couple of thousand Indians here, at least."

"Double that number and more, for the village is five miles long, has some twelve hundred tepees, and can put out a force to defend it of two thousand warriors. Then there are several other contingent villages in these mountains that claim Iron Eyes as chief. It would be a sad day for any force of soldiers to invade these mountains, Miss Fallon, unless they came several thousands strong."

"That was just what I was thinking," answered Lucille.

As they rode into the village the squaws and children rushed toward them to see the newcomer.

But a few words from the outlaw prevented any rudeness, for they held no sympathy for the fair-faced captive.

Lucille paled at sight of them, but remained calm, and rode on by the side of the outlaw, whom she could not but now regard as her protector.

Up through the village they rode, the girl's fears gradually giving place to interest, until at the upper

end of the valley, under the shelter of a heavily-wooded ridge, the mountain top, there were visible a number of tepees apart from the others.

"There is your camp, Miss Fallon. It is a deserted village—the supply tepees, as I told you. Yonder you see your cabin, apart from them, and there you will be safe. I shall have a half-breed squaw, who once lived at the fort as an officer's servant, remain there with you, and do your cooking."

"And be my guard also?"

"In a measure, yes, for she will keep the Indians away from you, and you do not need any other guard here, as you could not escape over yonder ridge, unless you have wings."

"The squaw speaks English, and has cooked for me when I have been here, for my own tepee is in the village. The cabin is furnished, as I told you, after a rude fashion, and you have your own satchel with clothing, so you will not be uncomfortable," and, as they passed a large tepee the outlaw called out to an Indian woman who stood there to approach them.

She did so, and Lucille noticed that her face was lighter than those about her, and she looked neat in her attire.

"Yellow Bird, I wish you to get your traps and come on up to the cabin. You are to look after this captive of mine while she is here, and take good care of her."

The woman had glanced at Lucille as she came up, but that was all, and she replied, in fair English:

"The Yellow Bird will do as the white chief bids her."

Then they rode on, and soon halted before the cabin.

It was built of hewn logs, and boards roughly sawed out of hewn timber served as roofing.

There was a porch along the front, and it was certainly a very fine cabin to find in an Indian village.

The chief took a key from a hiding-place, which he appeared to know of, and unlocked the door.

There were four rooms in the cabin, and Lucille saw that it was furnished, though rudely, for the renegade had brought his belongings with him when he had fled from his own people.

"You will be at home here, Miss Fallon."

"Yes, at home!" repeated Lucille, with sarcasm, to add, quickly:

"But it is so much better than I expected, you

have treated me so much differently than I anticipated, that I thank you."

The moment that she was left alone by the outlaw, and she saw him and his braves ride away, Lucille Fallon yielded to the prerogative of a woman, and, seating herself in the cabin, she burst into tears.

"At home!

"My God! if this were to be my home, I would rather that the grave should be," she cried, bitterly.

She had totally forgotten about the Indian woman until she heard the gently-uttered words:

"Don't cry, little paleface."

She started to her feet, for she was too proud to wish any one to see her weeping.

Before her stood Yellow Bird, the half-breed Indian woman.

She had tidied herself up, and had a bundle under her arms.

Her face was a good one, not cruel, and she said again:

"Don't cry, Yellow Bird be good to you."

Lucille stepped forward and grasped the woman's hand.

"You are good, I can see that. You have lived among the palefaces, the outlaw told me?"

"Yes; my mother was a paleface squaw, my father a great Indian chief.

"He died, and my mother went back to her people, taking me with her. She died, and I work hard for officer's family at fort far away. I hear them say: 'She only half-breed Injun; watch her.' I feel mad, I feel bad, and run away back to my people. But some treat me good, one young squaw pretty, just like you, and I love her. I love you for her. Yellow Bird be good to you."

The tears came into the eyes of Lucille and stepping close up to the woman she kissed her.

It was under the impulse of her loneliness, her sorrow, her helplessness and the kind words spoken to her.

The squaw started as though she had been struck a blow, for it fairly frightened her, but she said, quickly:

"Oh, yes, Yellow Bird be heap good to little paleface."

Then she set about her work to clean up, just as she had done when living in the officer's family.

She got water from a spring near, and built a fire

in the large hearth, so that the cabin soon no longer looked forlorn.

The outlaw had left the stage cushions there, the stores he had bought in Pioneer City and Lucille's satchel, and the young captive was soon quite comfortable, and she began to feel that she had cause to congratulate herself, after all, that matters were as they were.

In Yellow Bird she believed she had found a friend, and yet Lucille was not one to gush, and decided that there was a very narrow margin between deceit and sincerity in one's appearance, so she wished to know whether the Indian woman was really true or false.

As she watched the squaw preparing supper, she asked her about Death Face, the young chief.

"He heap good young chief—heap like paleface. He be great chief some day, and maybe have peace with palefaces, for he don't like to kill Little Paleface's people, but big fighter in battle. Red people all love Death Face. Iron Eyes heap cruel man, kill and scalp paleface, hate them bad. Iron Eyes kill many."

Lucille glanced out of the open window and said half aloud:

"Speak of the devil and his imp appears. There comes Death Face now."

He rode up to the front of the cabin and was alone.

Lucille walked out on the piazza and to her surprise he bowed courteously to her and then said:

"I hope you are comfortable here!"

"Comfortable, yes, far more so than I anticipated being, but unhappy, as you may know, for my people are not your people, my life not your life, we are raised in a different atmosphere and are foes."

He listened to her in deepest attention, gazing fixedly at her, and then said:

"I like to hear you talk, for it brings back to me the voice of those I loved, those who are gone."

"Who do you mean?"

"I mean one whom I loved as a father, another who was a mother to me, and a sister and brother.

"They are all gone—dead; but I had not forgotten them, and you bring them back to me now, so I love to look at you, love to hear you talk.

"Speak again, for your voice is as sweet as the murmur of the brook in summer, as sweet as the

trilling of the birds, and your face as lovely as the mountain flowers that seem timid, just like you."

Lucille listened with rapt attention to the words of the strange young chief, for he spoke with a softness of tone, a look and with words that fell strangely from the lips of an Indian, and were in strong contrast to the hideously painted death-face he had ornamented his countenance with.

As though he feared he should not talk to the captive longer, Death Face said:

"I will go now, but I came to see if I could help you, if I could make you more comfortable.

"This was my home once, and I am glad to have you here.

"Do you see those graves under the ridge yonder?—they are buried there, those I loved, and I put white crosses above their graves, and cut their names on them with my knife."

"You can read, then?"

"Oh, yes, and write. You will find books in the cabin to read. Don't feel bad, for you shall not be harmed, for Death Face says so. I will come again."

He wheeled his horse and rode rapidly away, leaving Lucille wondering at her strange Indian acquaintance.

Walking over to the graves under the ridge, Lucille saw that there were four of them, all marked by rude wooden crosses, but it was too dark to see the names, and she hastened back to the cabin, where Yellow Bird had her supper ready.

It was a tempting repast, and eaten with real relish, Lucille talking the while to the squaw and asking her about the young chief, Death Face.

She had little more to tell her than what she had already known, or would not tell her more.

She did not say that all the maidens in the village were in love with the young chief, but that he seemed to care for none of them.

The firelight was the only light they had in the cabin, and Lucille asked the woman to bring in wood enough to burn all night.

This Yellow Bird did, and then the captive spread some bedding, put the serapes the chief had given her over them, and retired for the night, bolting the doors firmly.

Yellow Bird spread her bed in front of the fire, and the two were soon fast asleep.

When Lucille awoke the next morning she found Yellow Bird was getting breakfast, and the squaw

told her that the young chief had been there early and left bear and other robes for her, dressed deer-skins and plenty of game and fish which he had shot and caught.

The outlaw came after breakfast and asked her how she was, and then said:

"There is a hammock in this house, Death Face told me, so I will swing it on the porch for you."

The hammock was found, swung, and then the outlaw said:

"I have brought you pen, ink and paper, Miss Fallon, and I wish you to write a letter to your father.

"Tell him how you are treated by me, but make known that he must pay the sum of twenty thousand dollars for your ransom. The letter will be mailed to him at Pioneer City, and he shall send his answer by Jack Jessop, who will be met by a man whom I will instruct to be on hand. Your father must state in his letter if he will pay that ransom on the next run of the coach, and send it by Jack Jessop to be given to my representative. If my man is harmed, then I will not answer for your safety.

"But, if he promises to send the money by Jessop, when he is ready to pay it, then you will be returned to him in safety, being given into Jack Jessop's charge the third run of the coach after your father writes agreeing to my terms. Do you understand, Miss Fallon?"

"Perfectly."

"I will write also, and you shall see my letter.

"Then I will see that the letters are mailed without delay in Pioneer City."

"It can be done none too soon to please me."

"So I thought."

"One minute, please?"

"Yes."

"You said on the way here that you would tell me a secret some day that I am interested in."

"I believe I will tell you a secret," said the man, thoughtfully, and he sat down upon the porch.

Lucille sat in the hammock, using it for a swing, and the strangeness of her situation and surroundings could not but impress her.

"I'll tell you my secret, yes, and perhaps you will then understand that I seek revenge as well as gold from your father. By the way, do you think I resemble your father?"

"In form, yes, and in face, also, save for the stamp of wickedness on your countenance."

"No, he is innocent, I evil.

"But we should be alike, for we are brothers."

Lucille sprang out of the hammock and cried fiercely:

"It is false!"

"I tell you we are brothers, he being several years my senior," said the outlaw.

"My first love was a young and beautiful girl, and, though she loved me, he stole her from me."

"I do not believe you."

"Well, he married her, that is certain——"

"My mother?"

"Oh, no; your mother was his second wife.

"He won my sweetheart from me, married her, and then went to Texas to live. I heard afterward that his wife died after two years of wedded life, but I did not know, did not care, and I was not aware of where he was, or what doing until during the Civil War I was taken prisoner by the Confederates, when in my captor, the colonel of a regiment, I recognized my brother. He knew me at a glance, and he came to me and we had a long talk together.

"He told me that he had not known of my love for the woman he married, that he had never been told by her or her parents about an engagement between her and myself, that I was away and he therefore could not hear it from my own lips, and hence he had asked her to be his wife. He was going to Texas to live, and the marriage was hastened and she went with him, and only when on her dying bed had she confessed to him that she had been engaged to me.

"Then he had written me the truth; but his letter I never received, and I did not believe what he told me."

"Yet it was the truth."

"How do you know?"

"I have his first wife's written confession, in which she told all, and how her parents had told her not to speak of her love affair with you, as he was rich, you were not, having squandered much of your fortune in fast living. Her name was Dorothy Armand, and she left her confession with her jewelry and other things that my father placed in my mother's keeping, and all of which she left to me."

"Yes, her name was Dorothy Armand, as you say; but she deceived me, and I would not believe her dying confession, or take my brother's word either, for they wronged me, and I never forgive a wrong."

"You look to be just such a nature.

"But my father never did you a wrong, whatever his wife did in deceiving him as to her engagement to you," said Lucille, warmly.

"His name is Louis Fallon Lamar, and he was a colonel in the Confederate army, as I have said, and a Texan ranchero. He got me exchanged, I admit, and gave me money; but that did not atone for the past, and I hated him, for even in war he beat me, as he rose to be a colonel of cavalry, I only a captain of infantry.

"He had married again, he told me, and had a daughter, but I was glad to feel that he was ruined by the war. What became of him then I never knew until I recognized him as a soldier in the United States army, and only a sergeant.

"Then I remembered that I had heard that a Southerner of our name had killed a man in the East, and had fled to escape the gallows.

"I wrote East, got the particulars, and found that it was my brother Louis. I have only hoped to capture him that I might send him back as a fugitive from justice to be hanged."

Lucille's eyes flashed fire, and for a moment she did not speak.

Then she said:

"Let me ask you to look me in the eyes while I tell you what I know about what you have told me of my father."

"I am listening."

"My father did come out of the war ruined almost. He had married again, my mother being his second wife. He had felt keenly the unhappy circumstances of his first marriage, in fact, it cut him to the heart. He saved my mother's father's life at the risk of his own, was wounded by the shot intended for my grandfather, who took him to his home, where his daughter, my mother, nursed him through a long siege of suffering. My mother loved him, and he loved her, so they were married.

"My father went North on business, accompanied a gentleman to his home one night with whom he had some business, burglars broke into the house and the host was shot down and robbed. Before he died he stated under oath that it was my father who had killed him; that they had a business deal on hand, that my father knew he had thousands of dollars in his home, and had come into his room at night and killed him.

"My father had been in a distant wing of the

house, had arisen at the noise of the struggle, had gone to the aid of his friend to come face to face with you as you fled. You were dressed just as he was, you had killed your man, robbed him and were flying. Stunned by the recognition, my father had been incapable of action, and, tottering to a seat, had remained there until arrested as the murderer.

"Determined not to hang for your crime, and feeling that there was no hope for him, he sprang upon the constable who guarded him, choked him into unconsciousness, secured the keys of his manacles, freed himself and fled. He wrote my mother that he was not guilty of the crime, but circumstantial evidence was against him, his flight added seeming proof, and she unfortunately believed that he had committed the deed, and wrote to him.

"Thus a wide gulf was between them, and he became a homeless wanderer and fugitive. He went to dwell among the Indians, and, having been educated as a physician, he became a medicine man in the tribe, checked a smallpox epidemic in their midst and became a great chief, honored and loved by them. Discovering gold in his wanderings, he hid it away and at last decided to make good use of it. So he left the Indian village, carrying his gold on pack horses, and, going to a settlement, shipped it home to my mother.

"It was a fortune for us, and she gladly received it, for her income was not large, and long before she had repented of her belief in my father's guilt, and tried in vain to find him.

"One day, just one year ago, my mother received a letter from the judge of the court in the city where the murder was committed which had wrecked my father's life. It told of the confession of a prisoner, who had died in prison, that my father was innocent of the crime, that it was his brother who had been the murderer, he, the prisoner, being his ally.

"That he saw the recognition of his brother by my father, and the shock it gave him. But the murderer had committed other crimes, forcing him to become a fugitive, and so he could not be found, nor could my father, who afterward, I learned, had entered the army on the border. My mother was dying then, and I had to cling to her. She died, and soon after I had my lawyer find out if Sergeant Louis Fallon was my father, and he did so.

"Then I wrote him that I would come to him.

You know the rest, and I know that you have wronged my father beyond all forgiveness. Yes, you are his crime-stained brother, Loyd Lamar."

CHAPTER IX.

BUFFALO BILL'S BOLD VENTURE.

The council of war which Lieutenant Walter Worth had said he would hold that night in the camp near the secret crossing of the river, where it was found that the outlaw had escaped across into the Indian country, continued until late at night, the young officer, Surgeon Denmead, the sergeant and Buffalo Bill being the four present.

Talking the matter over, in the light of all the facts with which they were acquainted, they were certain that Lucille had been captured by the outlaw leader.

The letter which the outlaw had told the sergeant he would write to entrap her had been sent, and so there was no doubt but that he had been on hand to receive his prize.

The Indians had told the sergeant the last night he had crossed the river that the outlaw had gone to Pioneer City by a secret ford.

That trail had been found where it had left the river, and the trail where it had entered the river going back had also been discovered.

This proved that the outlaw had secured his captive and hastened with her to the Indian camp.

To rescue her, then, was the question, and Sergeant Fallon at once said:

"There is but one thing for me to do, and that is to put on my disguise and go into the Indian village after her."

"Yes, sergeant, and I will go with you," said Buffalo Bill, firmly.

"It would be madness for you to do so, Mr. Cody."

"Oh, no, sergeant, for I would go as any ally, not to keep you company. I would go on foot, not mounted.

"We can cross the river, and while you go down to the ford, I will go over here.

"You can proceed by the regular trail, while I will take it afoot to the mountains, there make for the bald peak we can see, and there you can find me, as I will look for you.

"Afoot, I can readily hide. I will leave no trail,

and am afraid of no redskins trapping me, for I have been within hailing distance of their villages scores of times."

"Pardon me, lieutenant, but do you think Mr. Cody should make the venture?"

"No, sergeant, I do not."

"Nor do I," said the surgeon.

"See here, that sweet little woman is a captive, and I tell you there should be more than one to aid in her rescue.

"I know Indians from 'way back, and I'll guarantee to go to their village and return.

"You, in your disguise, are all right, sergeant, and you may be able to help me escape with her, and come away yourself later.

"We can pick out certain points in the mountains which we can discern, where we can meet, and I feel we can accomplish your daughter's rescue; yes, and get hold of that outlaw by some means also, for I'll not be happy until his chips are called in.

"I go, too, sergeant."

"Well, Cody, I see you are determined, so I yield, for I have every confidence in your powers to give the redskins the slip, but what are we to do?"

"Stay right here, lieutenant, until we bring Miss Lucille back, for we may need your support and need it bad."

"All right, I will do as you suggest; but you and the sergeant arrange your plans of action between you."

"We will, sir, to-morrow."

The next morning the scout and the sergeant went up on the range and picked out half-a-dozen objects on the distant mountains across the river, and agreed to make them points of rendezvous.

Then the sergeant said:

"Mr. Cody, I wish to confide in you."

"Well, sergeant."

"I have a brother who was a wild young fellow, and believed that I had treacherously cheated him out of his lady love, when I knew nothing about his love for her, and she became my wife. She was not

Lucille's mother, she being the daughter of my second wife.

"Now, my brother never forgave me, and some years after he committed a crime of which I was accused, and it made an outcast, a fugitive of me.

"He married and came West, and the other night when I looked into the face of the man known as Eagle, the outlaw, I felt sure that he was my brother.

"I have not seen my unfortunate brother for many years, but the face, as I saw it by the flickering campfire's light, the voice, impressed me that it was Loyd Lamar.

"Now, if he is my brother, he knows that Lucille is my daughter, and that is a relief to my mind. If the outlaw is my brother, and I would almost take oath that he is, I have but one request of you, and that is to kill him, and not capture him to be taken to the fort and hanged."

"My dearest sergeant, I had promised myself I would do that on account of his sweet wife, and I will be that more anxious to save him from the gallows now that he is suspected of being your brother," was Buffalo Bill's reply.

That afternoon they started upon their perilous mission, Buffalo Bill crossing the river at the spot where the camp was and the sergeant riding down to the upper ford, to go over after dark and continue on by the trail to the mountains.

But the sergeant in crossing came to grief, for there stood on the other bank as sentinel a young brave who was striving to win a name for himself.

He saw in the moonlight a horse and rider crossing the ford; so, taking aim, the redskin fired, pulling trigger just as he discovered that it was not a pale-face but an Indian.

The sergeant felt a stinging pain in his shoulder, the blood began to flow; he therefore turned back, fearing that he was seriously wounded, and did not know why he had been fired on.

Fortunately Surgeon Denmead was there, and at once went to work on him, remarking after a while:

"I have got the ball, Worth, and, with care, the wound will not be fatal, though serious."

CHAPTER X.

THE RESCUER REACHES THE GOAL.

One afternoon, a week after Lucille's coming to the Indian village as a captive, and while Lucille and the chief, Death Face, who had proved to be half white, were seated upon the little piazza looking at the sunset, the young man on the chair, the maiden in the hammock, there suddenly dashed around the corner of the cabin a tall form, a revolver in each hand.

He had his revolver leveled full at the young man, as he called out sternly:

"Up with your hands, renegade, or you die!"

"Buffalo Bill!" cried Lucille, in suppressed tones, as though realizing, even in her surprise, the danger of speaking that name there. Then she quickly added:

"For God's sake do not kill him, for he is my friend."

Death Face sprang to his feet, yet made no move to draw a weapon, but stood gazing defiantly into the face of the scout, who, at the words of Lucille, lowered his weapons and said quickly:

"Let me step into the cabin, for I may be seen here."

Quickly Lucille seized his hand and fairly dragged him into the cabin, while she said, reproachfully:

"Oh, why did you come here, for your life will be the forfeit?"

"I came for you, Miss Lucille, but I did not expect to find you in a white man's cabin, free and with company."

"I will explain all later, but now you must go into hiding, for if you were discovered——"

"Not a redskin has seen me, I assure you. I have been four days coming from the river to this cabin, which I saw from the ridge above, as I did you also, and this young man, who I thought must be some renegade.

"I crept up behind the cabin, having seen you seated on the piazza, and, dashing around, covered him; but you say he is your friend."

"You are safe here, Buffalo Bill, for I cannot but call you so, and you shall know the whole story, so sit down, for it is a long one, and there are secrets in it which you must not breathe to any one."

"You have my pledge not to betray anything, Miss Lucille," said Buffalo Bill, and then he heard the story of her father's strange life, her uncle's and her own.

The scout listened with an interest that was intense, and when he had heard all, said in a low tone:

"And I have a story to tell, too, Miss Lucille, and it is that you need no longer dread your wicked uncle, the outlaw. I crossed the river at the spot where you did, and that night camped not far away. The next morning the outlaw rode full upon me; we saw each other at the same time, but I was a little the quickest, and my bullet pierced his brain. I had crossed the river upon a small raft the soldiers had made for me, and so I staked his horse out, when I was sure that he was alone, and, putting the body on the raft, poled back to the other shore. There I found that your father, who was to have crossed at the ford, and go with me to rescue you, had returned, having been fired on by the Indian sentinel and slightly wounded."

"You mean it—slightly wounded?" cried Lucille.

"I tell the truth, for Surgeon Denmead was in camp and extracted the bullet. I had a talk with your father and he was doing well, but did not wish me to risk coming. How glad I now am that I did, for I have found you, though I have not rescued you."

"And my outlaw uncle?"

"Lieutenant Worth had his soldiers bury him, for the lieutenant is waiting on the river for your return, and just as I was leaving another force came up which had taken your trail from Monument Hill and followed it to the river, so both are there.

"I recrossed the river then on the raft, waited until night, and, mounting the horse of the outlaw, made a flank movement to reach the camp, determined to play Captain Eagle, if I met a redskin, for we were not unlike in size and face, and I speak the

Indian tongue fairly well, while the horse and the coat and hat I appropriated would help me out, I knew.

"I did not care to risk it by day, so flew by night only, reached the ridge, reconnoitered and here I am, Miss Lucille; and my advice is that we get out of this at once."

Lucille turned to Death Face, who said:

"Yes, we will go. I will bring ponies, too, and we will go up the ridge trail, where Buffalo Bill's horse is, and then, together, we will go down to the river. If we meet any bands, Death Face, the chief, passes unquestioned."

So it was decided, and, while the young man went to make his arrangements for leaving the Indian camp forever, Lucille and Yellow Bird prepared for their escape, Buffalo Bill keeping in hiding.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

Under the guidance of the young chief, the trail to the river was made in perfect safety, Buffalo Bill being taken for the outlaw, and Lucille and Yellow Bird for braves by the bands of Indians they passed.

No one questioned Death Face, and on he rode with his escaping party, Lucille and Yellow Bird having their faces painted, and in their leggings riding in masculine fashion, while the pack horses they had along were well loaded with things taken from the Manly cabin and the young chief's tepee.

Reaching the river before dawn, the Indians left them, and Lucille added to her costume her riding habit and felt better able to face the soldiers on the other side.

They crossed on the raft, which made several trips, the horses swimming over; then, mounting, they rode on to the soldiers' camp.

Such a welcome as greeted them, when Buffalo Bill and the sergeant's daughter were recognized, cannot be described, for the soldiers seemed to have gone wild.

In the week that had passed since he was wounded the sergeant had much improved.

The meeting between father and daughter was most affecting, while tears came into the brave man's eyes as he grasped Buffalo Bill's hand and said:

"I owe all this to you, Cody, and Lucille tells me she has told you all."

Fearful of risking his daughter so near the redskins, the sergeant said he was able to travel. The march was therefore begun after the noon meal, the trail taken being the same one that Lucille had traveled with the outlaw.

The command was three days getting back to the fort, but when they came in sight, and it was seen that Lucille had been rescued, again there was a wild scene of rejoicing.

Then, too, the sergeant had more joy added to his cup of bliss, for the last coach through had brought him his commission, "for special and gallant services," as a first lieutenant in the Army of the United States.

After a month's stay at the fort, under the plea of his wound unfitting him for service, for it was still troublesome, Lieutenant Fallon resigned his commission, feeling that he had been vindicated in having won it, unaided, and, with his daughter, went eastward, and thence to Texas, to his old ranch home.

In a short time there was a wedding at the ranch, for thither had gone Lieutenant Walter Worth to claim his bride, the beautiful Lucille, known as the sergeant's daughter.

THE END.

Next week's issue (No. 67) will contain "Buffalo Bill's Best Bower; or, Calling the Turn on Death Notch Dick." Buffalo Bill picked up a new boy companion on this trip, who turned out to be a corker. Death Notch Dick was a pretty tough proposition, but he got his medicine swift and hard, and plenty of it. A rousing story, boys!



THRILLING ADVENTURE



Thing's swimming, boys.

Contest going at a mile-a-minute gait.

The fishing is good this year, and you don't want to miss a chance for one of those fishing sets.

Look on page 31 if you want to know what they're like and how to win one.

A Mascot's Story.

(By Roy Morrison, Ind.)

Last summer I went from Lima, Ohio, to Toledo with a company of the Ohio National Guards. My uncle was the captain of the company, and was taking me as a mascot to camp with them.

We had to change trains at Dunkirk, and all our trunks and boxes were piled in rows. After we had waited for half an hour the train came and began to slacken its speed.

But it could not stop quick enough to keep from bumping into the front row of boxes, which were very close to the tracks. When the front row was struck it knocked the last row back and I was thrown into the air.

When I fell, my head was within a foot or nine inches from the track and my feet were on top of a box, while the train was still moving above me.

At last it stopped and one of the men pulled me out, more frightened than injured, from my uncomfortable position. However, if the train had been going only a little faster, I would not have been able to write this story, but, fortunately this was not the case.

A Duck-Hunting Episode.

(By H. C. Scoles, Iowa.)

One day this spring when I was visiting a friend in northern Nebraska my friend and myself went out duck hunting. Upon arriving at the river we started up stream and as the forest was thick and the river marshy hunting was pretty good.

We had shot several ducks when two ducks dropped into the river. As we didn't have a boat we appropriated one lying on the bank. I got in and pushed off.

By this time the ducks had floated some distance down the river. I started to row and had gone but a short distance when one of the oars broke. I was set adrift in the current.

The boat began to go faster and faster until finally, as went around a big curve I saw a sight that filled me with horror. Before me about one hundred yards distant was a huge dam, over which the water was pouring. The river was too wide for one to think of swimming it. I was approaching, seemingly, certain death. The boat was being whirled and twisted and the rate of speed was constantly increasing.

Some cowboys were going along the right-hand bank and one of them called to me to stand up. This I did, and as the boat swerved in toward their bank a rope settled over my shoulders.

I was dragged overboard and when I woke up three-quarters of an hour later they told me I had had a very close call.

An Experiment.

(By P. Gilson, Ind.)

One morning my brother and I were trying to make a small steam engine. We cut out a furnace and put a can with a sealed lid on it over the furnace and built a fire under it. I was sitting by the end with the lid toward me. We cut a hole in the top of the can so as to let steam out. One time we left the hole closed up too long and the first thing I knew I was running round in a circle, then I darted to the house. The next I knew I was in bed scalded on arms, face, side and one leg.

I was up that evening, but was lame for about two weeks. That was the worst accident I ever had.

Saved By a Rooster's Crow.

(By William Fornwald, Pa.)

One fine afternoon about a month ago a friend of mine (he doesn't want his name mentioned, but his initials are C. B.) proposed to take a bicycle ride along the canal toward Rockville, to which I readily agreed. So we both mounted our bikes at about half-past two o'clock, and

proceeded along till we got near Lucknow station, when we turned off the canal and rode along the railroad.

At that point it was very rough riding beside the tracks, so we got up between the rails, where it was more even.

We were going along pretty fast, with our heads down, myself in the lead, with my friend about thirty feet in the rear.

Suddenly I heard the loud crow of a rooster, which was running along the rails, and on looking up, to my infinite horror I saw a passenger train less than an eighth of a mile away, coming at the rate of forty-five miles an hour.

Well, I just yelled and threw myself off my wheel, my friend following suit.

We both landed against the fence which stood along the railroad. But we had no more than done so than the train whizzed past. We both agreed that it was the closest shave of our lives, for if it had not been for the rooster, we would be sleeping under the ground by this time. The poor rooster gave up its life to save others, for we found it lying dead about eighty feet away.

Nearly Drowned.

(By Howard Bartles, Pa.)

At the time of the adventure I am about to relate I was living in a small town. One fine day in July, with two other companions, I went out fishing in a small boat.

We got along as far as fishing went. When we were coming to the shore the boat upset, throwing us all out in the water. The water was pretty deep, and none of us could swim, but we struggled in the water.

My companions were more fortunate than I was, and they managed to get to the boat, which floated to the shore. My friends happened to think about me. They jumped into the boat, seized a pair of oars which lay on the shore and rowed out to where I was sinking for the last time, I thought, but I came up again, and my companions seized me and dragged me into the boat. I then fainted.

I do not know how long I was in the stupor, but when I came around I found my mother and the doctor bending over me.

I went fishing after that, but not in a boat.

My Adventure in Africa.

(By George Kellam, N. Y.)

Two years ago a friend by the name of William Borden, my father and myself went to Africa.

We started from New York on the steamer *St. Paul*, and went to London. Then we took a sailing vessel to Algeria, and after four days of rough weather we landed at Algiers, and hired three camels and two Arab guides, and the next night set out to cross the desert of Sahara, which is nearly as big as the United States.

We only traveled by night, because the sun in the daytime was so hot that it would burn your shoes so they wouldn't last two days, and in the night it was about as cold as it was hot in the daytime.

On the fifth day we were on the desert we were awakened by one of the guides, who announced that supper was ready. We got up, ate supper, and took down

the tents and made ready for the start, about seven o'clock.

One of the guides said a storm was coming up from the east, and said we could go no further, and would have to get ready for the storm. The guide ordered the camels to lie down, and they got down, with their sides to the storm.

We had no time to waste, for the storm was coming fast, and the lightning was flashing everywhere. We put blankets around us, and lay down until the storm was over.

It lasted about two hours, and the guide said if it had lasted another hour we would have been covered up, because the pack on the camels' backs was about fifteen feet high, and the sand was within half a foot of the top.

After two weeks' travel we reached Timbuctoo, which is on the banks of the Niger River. We took a boat from there, and sailed down the river to the Atlantic Ocean into the Gulf of Guinea and down the coast to the Cape of Good Hope, which was the first stop we made. We got coal. Then we sailed into the Indian Ocean, and through the Mozambique channel; then into the Gulf of Aden, and through the Strait of Babel Mandeb into the Red Sea, and landed at Suakim, which is on the shore of the Red Sea.

From Suakim we went to the Nile River, and sailed down it until we came to the ruins of Thebes, which has many temples yet standing.

We visited the Pyramids, and went to Cairo and then to France, where we stayed until we were rested, and then took the vessel *La Champagne* for New York. We started May 7, 1899, and ended February 27, 1901.

On the Palisades.

(By Joseph Daly, N. Y.)

I had an experience one time about a year ago in the Palisades opposite Washington Point, on the Hudson.

It happened about the 1st of July, 1901. Four other boys and myself had made up our minds the night before that we would go over to Jersey to have some sport.

We started about eight a. m., taking our lunch and a small tent with us, as we intended to stay two days. We were very gay on that morning thinking of the fun we would have, when one of the boys said:

"Are you going to take Dot with you? He can scent the game." And I said "Yes." So I got him, and we started off.

We crossed the river in the ferryboat, and walked up to the spot mentioned and set up our tent.

I told the boys I would go out and shoot a rabbit for dinner, and taking my gun and dog, I started off.

The dog got the scent of a rabbit, and followed it to the edge of the cliff, and then he jumped down to a ledge below, and there he stopped to take up the scent again. I stood on the edge, expecting to see the dog come back with the rabbit, but I waited in vain.

I then dropped down to the ledge, and, to my surprise, I saw my dog hanging from a clump of roots by the hind feet, with the dead rabbit in his mouth. So I started after him.

When I was about to catch hold of him the branch I was holding onto gave way, and down I fell to what

seemed to be certain death. I fell on the edge of a large tree, which overhung a depth of at least seventy-five feet. I held on with the grip of death to that branch, until I heard a noise below me, and saw my dog and the boys at the bottom of the tree. One of the boys had a lariat with him, and, climbing the tree on a higher branch, threw it over my legs, and told me to let go, and I did, thereby swinging myself to safety.

I think that was the narrowest escape of my life.

Coon Hunting.

(By W. Powlins, Ohio.)

It was just before Christmas. I was talking with some fellows with whom I associated at the time, and I suggested that we go to Pine Hollow or Rock Cave, and they all agreed to go to the latter place.

We called the dogs together, and started for Rock Cave. We were almost there when we struck upon the trail of a large coon. We followed the dogs down through a deep ravine and into a deep woods. The dogs were just ahead of us, when we saw a large coon sitting out on a narrow ledge of rock, which extended out over a large and deep pool of water.

The dogs kept on going out on this narrow ledge until they were almost upon the coon, when all of a sudden the coon jumped upon the first dog, which was a small, black dog. The dog did not seem very well prepared for him, for when he jumped he lit upon the dog's back.

They lost their footing, and went over the cliff, and hit the water with a splash. I ran out on the ledge just as they went over. I stooped down to look over the cliff. Just then two of the dogs began to fight. They ran against me and pushed me over the rocks, and I lit with a splash in the water, eighty-five feet below.

I knew nothing more until I found myself lying on the bank of the stream down in the gorge far below, more dead than alive.

It was almost eight o'clock when they got me home. But they caught the coon all O. K. But I have always said ever since that I want no more hunting in my lot.

A Tale From Wild Colorado.

(By Irving Sweet, Mich.)

I had a thrilling adventure some time ago. My sweetheart was kidnapped against her wishes by my rival in love. And I resolved to find her. She was taken to the mountains. I set out in search for her. Before doing so I wound a lariat around me under my clothing. I was armed with a repeating rifle and a pair of Colt's revolvers, and had a good horse. And I had plenty of provisions. I traveled all day hard, until night. The next morning I set out again on my way toward the mountains.

Before night I reached them, and resolved to travel all night. I went all right until about twelve o'clock, when suddenly somebody threw a lariat around my body and dragged me from my horse.

When I struck the ground the blow made me unconscious. I knew nothing until I came to and found myself in a dungeon with but a torch for a light, and my sweetheart, Lee Norris, working over me.

She told me we were both in prison. The entrance to the

dungeon was a trap door fifty feet above. Before I was put in my firearms were taken from me.

I had the lariat around my body yet, so I took it from my body and threw it to the trap-door to see if it would catch onto anything.

To my surprise, it caught on a spike used to hold the trap-door in place. I went up the lariat, pushed, opened the door and went out into freedom again.

Then Lee put the lariat around her body, and I pulled her through the door into freedom.

We hurried to the door of the cave.

There I found my horse tied to a spike driven into the rock. We mounted the horse and went toward our destination, Brighton, Colo., which we reached after three days' travel.

I and Lee were soon married, and my rival has not been seen since.

Captured With a Key.

(By J. Devline Smith, Boston.)

All nature was joyously hailing the coming spring, yet as I tramped schoolward my heart was filled with sadness, for that morning my father had said it was impossible for me to go to college. I had absorbed all the learning to be gained in the little village of West Sidney, and my ambition was to go to Harvard, but poor crops the preceding year had caused my father to shatter my hopes.

School had no attractions for me that day, and I welcomed the closing hour. It happened to be my week for cleaning up (a duty imposed upon each pupil in turn), so it was late in the gloaming when I locked the door and put the huge brass key in my pocket. As I passed down the road a placard on a tree attracted my notice. It ran like this:

\$1,500 Reward
For the Capture of
Jake Connor, Murderer.
Description: About 5 feet 6
inches tall; big scar on left
cheek; red mustache and hair.

A hired man by that name had fiendishly murdered his employer's whole family a week before; then had cunningly escaped. A big reward had at once been offered.

A change of wind had brought with it a storm of hail and rain, such as comes in late winter, so I cut across fields to reach home quickly, but darkness had fallen long before I got there. As I came up back of the barn I suddenly saw the dark shadow of a man at the woodshed door, and, watching, could see him strike a match and fumble at the lock. My heart gave one great throb as the flare of light fell on his face, for it showed a long scar, red mustache and hair—the very description. Without stopping to think, I gave a leap onto his back.

Hard work had given me sinews of iron, so I was nearly his match as we rolled over and over in the howling storm. At last he got a hold on my throat, and I would soon have been unconscious, when my hand accidentally

struck the key that had fallen from my pocket. It gave me an inspiration. Lifting it, I pressed the end hard against his temple. Feeling what he supposed was the cold, round point of a revolver, he let go his hold, giving me a chance to shout:

"Don't move, or I'll blow your head off!"

"My God, don't shoot; I give in," he answered, falling limply back.

My cries brought my father out, and we soon had him tied safely in the barn.

* * * * *

It hangs in a glass case above my head, boys, as I write. As I lean back and see the red banners and pillows with their white H—signs of what it brought me—I feel like joining in the jolly yell that some frolic-bent students send floating up past my window:

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Harvard!"

An Escape from Snakes.


(By Clyde Green, La.)

One day I went fishing in a branch of the river.

I went to a low, dense part of the woods, where there were a great many tangled bushes. Finding an opening, I put my line in the water, and, seeing what I thought a large snake skin, I thought I would stand on it.

It was alive!

Going further I saw a plank. I thought I would stand on it. Raising it up, a large snake under it crawled out, and gazed me straight in the eyes. I gazed back at it, and, to my horror, I could not take my eyes from his; a strange numbness was creeping over me, and it would have killed me had not a friend of mine killed it.

 \$1 worth of Tricks & Make-ups, sent postpaid for 25 cents stamps or silver. A nice Moustache or Full Beard, Irish or Side Whiskers, any color, bottle spirit (Guns to stick them on. Box of Burnt Cork to blacken up, Im. Rubber Mouth, big teeth, secret & apparatus for performing the great vanishing half-dollar trick. This big offer is to get your address to send my large Ill. cat'g of plays, rips, tricks & ags. latest novel (see Mexican paper you saw this in and I will also put in a Heavy GOLD plate finger Ring FREE, send also. Address Chas. Marshall, Mfr. Lookport, N.Y.



Numbers of

GOOD NEWS

BOUGHT

The following numbers of GOOD NEWS will be bought. Any boys having them in their possession should communicate at once with

P. O. Box 82, New York

If you have the following numbers, write at once:

Numbers 1, 137, 349, 366 to 377, inclusive.

SEVEN COMPLETE FISHING TACKLE ASSORTMENTS GIVEN AWAY AS PRIZES

Look on the Back Cover of No. 52 to
See What They Are Like.

IF YOU WIN ONE of these famous fishing tackle assortments you will have everything you could possibly need in the way of fishing tackle. You will have such a complete assortment that you will be able to **MAKE MONEY** retailing hooks, lines and sinkers to your comrades who have not been fortunate enough to win prizes. You may become a dealer in fishing tackle if you win one of these prizes, for you will have a complete assortment of over

NINE HUNDRED HOOKS of All Kinds,

ONE HUNDRED LINES, Besides . . .

SINKERS and TROLLING HOOKS. . .

HOW TO WIN A PRIZE.

This new Prize Anecdote Contest is on the lines of the one which has just closed—one of the most successful contests ever inaugurated. Every boy in the country has had some **THRILLING ADVENTURES**. You have had one yourself—perhaps you were held up by robbers, or were nearly run over by a train; perhaps it was a close shave in a burning building, in scaling a precipice, in bear-hunting, or swimming; whatever it was, **WRITE IT UP**. Do it in less than 500 words, and mail it to us with the accompanying coupon.

All entries must be in before September 1. The contest closes on that date.

The Prizes Will Be Awarded to the Seven
Boys Sending in the Best Stories.

Look on the back cover of No. 52 for photograph and description of one of the prizes.

To Become a Contestant for These Prizes cut out the Anecdote Contest Coupon printed herewith, fill it out properly, and send it to **BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY**, care of Street & Smith, 238 William Street, New York City, together with your anecdote. No anecdote will be considered that does not have this coupon accompanying it.

COUPON.

BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY ANECDOTE CONTEST, No. 4.

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City or Town.....

State.....

Title of Anecdote.....

BUFFALO BILL STORIES

(LARGE SIZE.)

Containing the Only Stories Authorized by Hon. WILLIAM F. CODY ("Buffalo Bill").

- 38—Buffalo Bill and the Danite Kidnapers; or, The Green River Massacre.
- 39—Buffalo Bill's Duel; or, Among the Mexican Miners.
- 40—Buffalo Bill and the Prairie Wolves; or, Hunting the Bandits of Boneyard Gulch.
- 41—Buff^{om} to Bill at Painted Rock; or, After the Human Buzzards.
- 42—Buff^{o th} Bill and the Boy Trailer; or, After Kidnappers in Kansas.
- 43—Buff^{logs} Bill In Zigzag Canyon; or, Fighting Red Hugh's Band.
- 44—Buff^{there} Bill's Red Allies; or, Hand to Hand with the Devil Gang.
- 45—Buff^{We fo} Bill in the Bad Lands; or, Trailing the Veiled Squaw.
- 46—Buffalo Bill's Trail of the Ghost Dancers; or, The Sioux Chief's Secret.
- 47—Buffalo Bill's Deadliest Deal; or, The Doomed Desperadoes of Satan's Mine.
- 48—Buffalo Bill's Secret; or, The Trail of a Traitor.
- 49—Buffalo Bill's Phantom Hunt; or, The Gold Guide of Colorado Canyon.
- 50—Buffalo Bill's Brother in Buckskin; or, The Redskin Lariat Rangers.
- 51—Buffalo Bill's Trail of the Man Tigers; or, The Doom of the Branded Hand.
- 52—Buffalo Bill's Boy Pard; or, Training the Buckskin Boy.
- 53—Buffalo Bill's Vow of Vengeance; or, The Scout's Boy Ally.
- 54—Buffalo Bill and the Mad Hermit; or, Finding a Lost Trail.
- 55—Buffalo Bill's Bonanza; or, The Clan of the Silver Circle.
- 56—Buffalo Bill's Mascot; or The Mystery of Death Valley.
- 57—Buffa'o Bill and the Surgeon Scout; or, The Brave Dumb Messenger.
- 58—Buffalo Bill's Mysterious Trail; or, Tracking a Hidden Foe.
- 59—Buffalo Bill and the Masked Hussar; or, Fighting the Prairie Pirates.
- 60—Buffalo Bill's Blind; or, Running the Death Gauntlet.
- 61—Buffalo Bill and the Masked Driver; or, The Fatal Run Through Death Canyon.
- 62—Buffalo Bill's Still Hunt; or, Fighting the Robber of the Ranges.
- 63—Buffalo Bill and the Red Riders; or, The Mad Driver of the Overlands.
- 64—Buffalo Bill's Dead-Shot Pard; or, The Will-o'-the-Wisp of the Trails.
- 65—Buffalo Bill's Run-Down; or, The Red-Hand Renegade's Death.

Back numbers always on hand. If you cannot get them from your newsdealer, five cents a copy will bring them to you, by mail, postpaid.

STREET & SMITH, Publishers,

238 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK CITY.



The World-Renowned Buffalo Bill

(HON. WM. F. CODY)

One of his latest photos by *Stacy*



Buffalo Bill Stories

is the only publication authorized by HON. WM. F. CODY



WE were the publishers of the first story ever written of the famous and world-renowned Buffalo Bill, the great hero whose life has been one succession of exciting and thrilling incidents combined with great successes and accomplishments, all of which will be told in a series of grand stories which we are now placing before the American Boys. The popularity they have already obtained shows what the boys want, and is very gratifying to the publishers.

STREET & SMITH
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK